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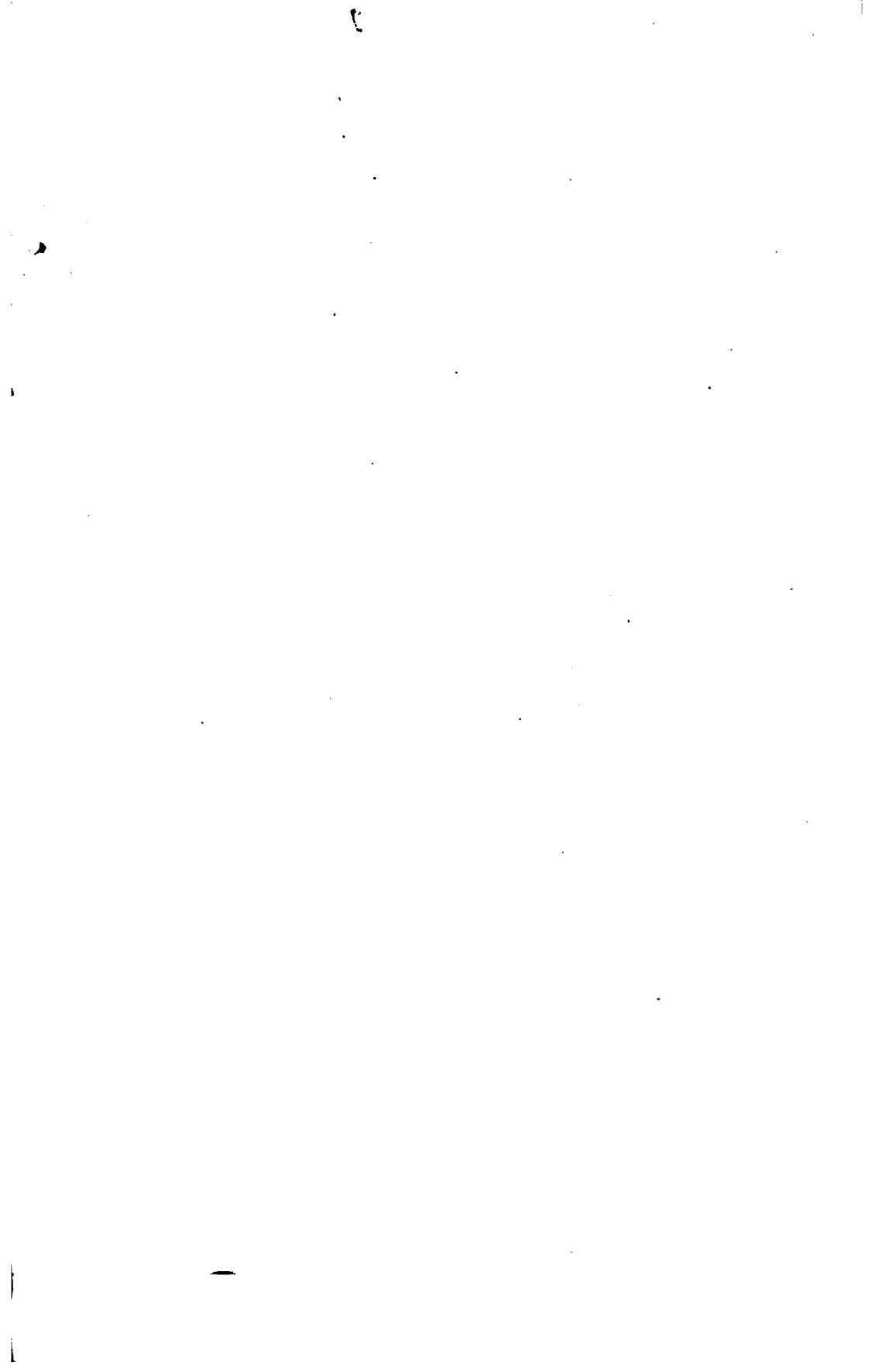
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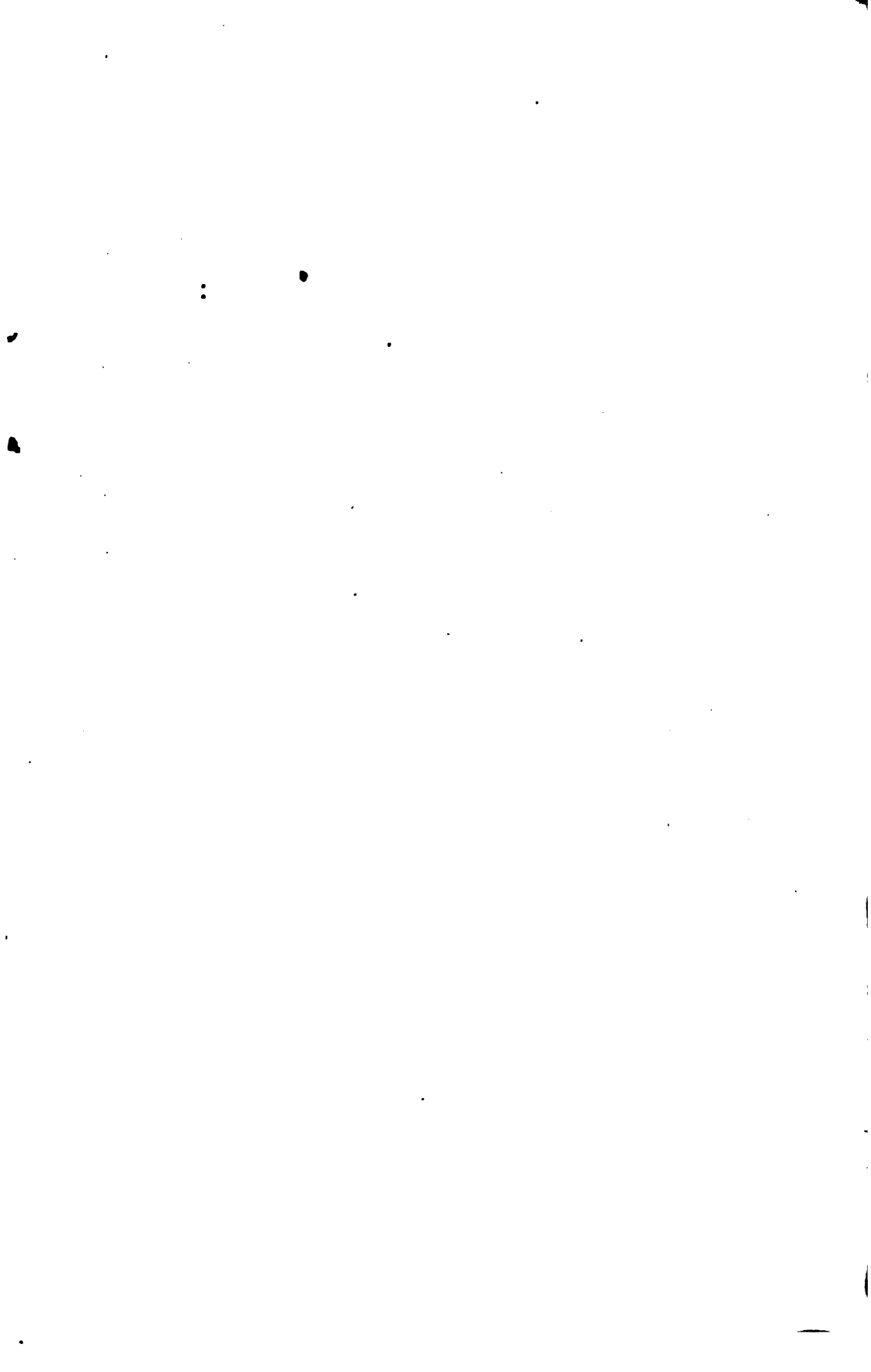
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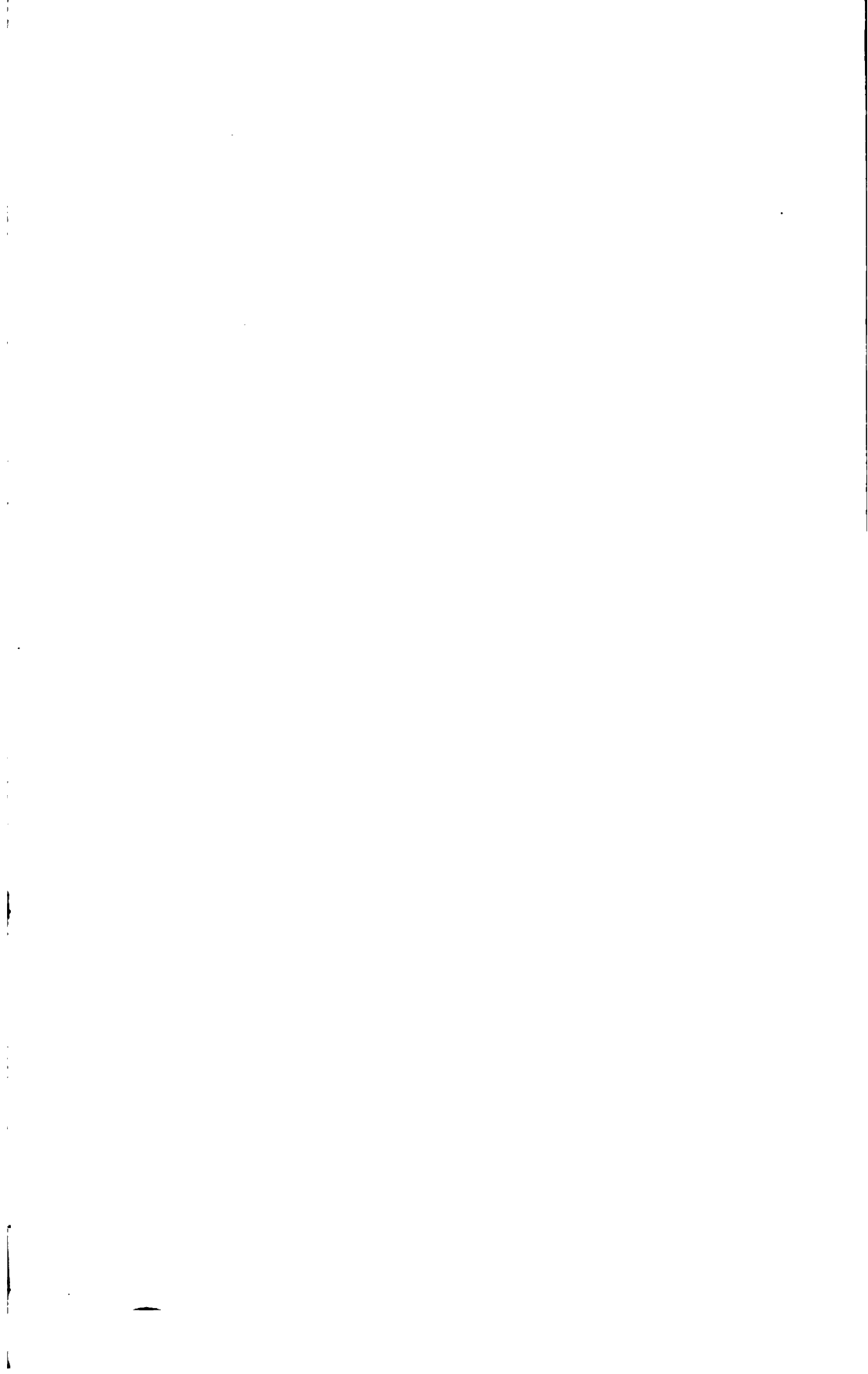
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MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE

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Stephen Greene

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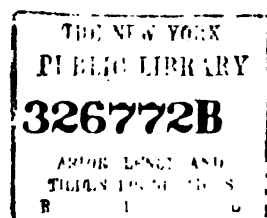


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In putting pen to paper the heart kept insisting that sentences should fashion themselves in fraternal familiarity. It is a little sketch; but with these glimpses and suggestive hints, supplemented as they are by memorial addresses and letters of appreciation, it is hoped that the reader may easily fill out the larger life.

BENJAMIN A. GREENE

Evanston, November, 1902

ANCESTRAL LINE

“ God plants us where we grow.”

I

ANCESTRAL LINE

Providence, R. I., was founded by Roger Williams, in 1636. Three years later Richard Smith had built a trading-post near the present village of Wickford, R. I., and with the consent of the Indian princes and people, improved a large tract of land. Living in his family was John Greene, the first of "the Quidnesset Greenes." Nothing is known of his previous history. It is supposed that he came with Smith from Gloucestershire, England. There were two other men of the same name settled in Rhode Island about this time, John Greene of Newport, and a surgeon, John Greene, who settled in Warwick, the first of the "Warwick Greenes," to which family General Nathaniel Greene belonged. With these two John Greene of Quidnesset probably had no family relationship.

John, Benjamin, John, three generations, remained in the original district; but Thomas, of the fourth generation, in 1765 settled near what is now called Shannock Mills. In this vicinity lived John, Allen, Stephen, representing the fifth, sixth, and seventh generations. They were all tillers of the soil; but Allen served in the army of the Revolutionary War, and was a pensioner when he died, in 1833. Stephen married Susan Johnson, a school teacher of North

Kingston, in 1815, and in 1816 moved to Killingly, Conn., where he hired and managed a small farm for a number of years. It was here that Alvin Greene, father of the subject of this sketch, was born, December 12, 1820. As farming was meagerly remunerative, it was decided, when the older children were large enough to work in the cotton-mill, to move to Lippitt, R. I.

HEREDITY: EARLY TRAITS

"Thy father and thy mother shall be glad, and she that bare thee shall rejoice." — PROVERBS.

"Here and there a cotter's babe is royal born by right divine." — TENNYSON.

"It has always been my greatest desire and earnest prayer that all my boys may be earnest and working Christians." — MOTHER, 1867.

"The entire man is to be found in the cradle of the child." — DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Aristippus, after shipwreck, saw a circle marked on the beach, and said, "Let us be of good cheer; I see mind."

II

HEREDITY: EARLY TRAITS

Cotton manufacturing was beginning to attract families away from the farms. Along the Pawtuxet River a number of factory villages were rising. This village life brought in new social conditions. At first all the help was American. Better schools began to prevail. Churches grew into more flourishing organizations.

It was into this village life that father was introduced when he was old enough to take a finishing term of common school, and begin in the carding-room to learn his trade. His father was an ordinary working-man, robust in health except at the last; a devout, intelligent Christian, a good talker in conference meeting, and having the respect of all. His mother was more ambitious; she had something of the Roman make-up in her appearance, remaining as straight as an arrow until her eighty-seventh year, priding herself not a little on the additional touch of culture which she received in her youth at school, and in her girlhood shopping excursions to Newport.

Father "topped cards" in company with "the Knight boys," who afterward came to own a very large share of the mill property of Rhode Island. He had the devout spirit of his father, and the

ambition of his mother, to make the most of himself. He could not go further in school life, and long hours in the mill prevented much study, but he used his spare time in reading, and exercised his gifts in the debating society and in the meetings of the Baptist Church at Phenix, where he early became a member. One of the deep pleasures of his after years was recounting sermons he heard in those early days, and giving particulars of memorable debates, at the village store and in the hall.

May 2, 1842, when he was overseer of the carding-room at Harrisville, he married Maria Arnold, the daughter of Hervy Arnold, a cabinet-maker. She was a weaver in the mill, as were all her sisters. I have now in my desk, for every-day use, a small pair of scissors which she used over sixty years ago in the weave-shop. That work would compare now with stenography and typewriting. She had the advantage of a private school at Lonsdale for a short time. She was very conscientious, quiet, undemonstrative, practical, the incarnation of common sense, profound in her religious feeling. She, also, was a member of the Phenix Church.

When the new mill was to be started at Hope, father was recommended by David Whitman, the pioneer mill engineer of the times, as the best man to have charge of the carding; and he began work there in August, 1846. It was a beautiful stone mill, a model of its kind. Everything was to be first-class, and everything in its proper place. One



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can easily imagine what impressions were made upon this ambitious young man by promotion in the midst of such fine conditions. He had come to be a modest leader in outside circles as well. He was superintendent of a Sunday school, held in a small hall built over the trench near the main gate, and also a teacher of a singing class. At this time he took special pains to strengthen his lungs, often stepping out in the air and inflating them to the full. His mother had a cough for years. His three brothers and only sister died with consumption. I was born in Harrisville, November 6, 1845. Susan, the next child, was born at Hope, February 2, 1848, and died June 30, 1850. Our home was half of the small house, nearest the mill, in the lower row down from the main street, very close to what was called the "tub wheel," an extra wheel in the lower trench to help eke out the power. The noise of it, as I used to try to sleep afternoons on the parlor floor, rumbles in my ears to-day. Grandfather and Grandmother Arnold, with their four unmarried daughters, lived on the other side, in the cottage. Think of the environment: The new mill; leadership reaching out into Sunday school and singing; a good start, suggesting financial possibilities; domestic life deepened by sorrow into richer tone and coloring. Into this nest of a home Stephen came, September 27, 1851.

Every remembrance of him, as far back as my memory goes, is that he was a bundle of life and

"musical force." For before he could walk, while creeping on the floor, he would "hum the airs" which he had heard. This was a delightful discovery to father who never wearied of coaxing him along into greater proficiency. Well do I remember their voices blending in that melody, newer then than now, "Down in the cornfield, Hear that mournful sound." A friend writes: "The first impression of him I remember was hearing him sing, 'I'll awake at dawn on the Sabbath Day,' before he could speak plainly, but he carried the tune all right."

He was a leader from the start. While yet a little fellow he would get Aunt Sally, who was indeed proud to be a sort of a second mother, to tie in front of him a round fig-box for a drum, and then, with paper soldier-caps on, we would march; and I am told that I took my place in the rear, as though it was foreordained, meekly following the "rub-a-dub-dub" of the younger brother.

Stephen could not be over-petted, for two baby brothers came in quick succession; Albert was born in April, 1853, and Alvin in June, 1854. In September of the latter year father leased a small mill in North Scituate, at "The Island," about a mile from what was called the "Four Corners." There we removed, and grandfather's family too, for in these first two places they were part and parcel of our family life. It was here, in the early part of the year 1856, that Aunt Emily taught him his letters in one day. That summer he attended his first



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school, taught by Caroline Hopkins, and learned to spell words of four and five syllables. It was during this first term that he spoke his first piece, with such confidence and vivacity, with head so erect, that it is remembered to this day by his aunts:

“I’m going to California,
As smart as any man,
To dig among the shining gold,
For I am sure I can.”

The manufacturing enterprise had just got well started when a disastrous fire, in September of that year, burned the mill. The savings of years went up in smoke; other years were mortgaged to pay indebtedness. This was a crisis experience. Father said he often had visions before that of one day being a rich man; but when he came home from a visit, and saw the acreage of burned cloth, and the old wooden wheel turning in the midst of desolation, he made up his mind his vision could never be realized, and he would settle down and raise a family of boys for after usefulness.

It is idle to conjecture what might have happened if there had been no fire, and we had been anchored in that quiet community by a little financial success. Father was jostled out into the larger world, with a corrected judgment, feeling the absolute need of economy, and realizing that everything, except that which is wrought into character, may take to itself wings and fly away.

In October, 1856, we moved to Yarmouth, Maine. The Libby Brothers, Portland, hired father as superintendent of a small mill, where they made cotton yarn, wrapping-twine, and batting. Here, during the next two summers, Stephen attended the district school, and in the winter between, a private school kept by Miss Bisbee over her father's store. Another brother came into the home, Ray W., in July, 1857. Soon after, also, Aunt Sarah Greene, with Susie, our "cousin sister," came to be with us for a while. Our home would not be what it was with them left out; blessed helps both of them. Church privileges were better than ever before. At that time in Yarmouth there was a law that no children under nine years could attend the district school in the winter; so in the fall of 1858 father let Stephen do what a little fellow could do in the yarn-room. In his "Autobiography," to which I will refer later, he says: "I had a very light job, working about as I had a mind to, as I was quite young. This was the first regular work I was ever put to, outside of doing chores around the house." There surely were chores to do in a family of five boys, where most of the time there was no hired girl to help the mother. Those were days of hard work and the most rigid economy; and yet, the sweets and the joys and the hopes of a Christian home were never absent; "plain living and high thinking," as Wordsworth puts it.

**THE WHITE ROCK HOME: GROW-
ING TO MANHOOD**

"This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."—JOSHUA.

*"The hues that our to-morrows wear
Are by our yesterdays forecast;
Our future takes into itself
The true impressions of our past."*

"The choice young man's life is bound to be a life of vision."—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

"'T is hope that feeds the larger half of man."
—SOPHOCLES.

*"In conversation boldness now bears sway.
But know that nothing can so foolish be
As empty boldness; therefore, first essay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery;
Then march on gallant: get substantial worth:
Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth."*
—GEORGE HERBERT.

III

THE WHITE ROCK HOME: GROWING TO MANHOOD

Though friends were very pleasant in Yarmouth, relatives and old home associations were distant in Rhode Island, and it was with great delight that we moved, January 11, 1859, to White Rock in that state. Father had been hired as superintendent by Babcock & Morse. This was a village with a brick cotton-mill of ten thousand spindles. Directly across the street was a brick store in the middle of a row of twelve double wooden houses, exactly alike, and well yarded in. At the entrance of the village there were a neat-looking school building on one side, and a large boarding-house on the other. An ideal factory village. The broad street was soon after lined with maple and elm. Each yard had room for a little garden, and back of this rose a hill of oak and chestnut. In front, across the well-kept street, there were first, meadows to mow, and beyond, the sweep of the river. This little nook of a place was about two miles distant from Westerly, where were to be found churches, stores, post-office, doctors, railway station, academy, and the head of navigation on the Pawtuxet River.

The inhabitants were mostly American, with a dash of typical Irish, English, and Scotch. This

variety in the village, together with the odd specimens dotting the fringe of its life, furnished ample fund for story, joke, and hearty laugh. The larger part were church-going people. There was a Sunday school in a vacant tenement at nine o'clock, and we boys who were old enough would walk to Westerly, with quite a little pilgrim band, to church. Father and Uncle Hiram Arnold, who had charge of the store and kept the books of the company, had the use of the company's two-seated carriage. One of the younger boys would sometimes be tucked in by the side of mother. The afternoons were usually spent at home. In summer we were allowed to take a quiet stroll in the woods; this was appreciated, especially when we had worked in the mill all the week. In the evening we had prayer-meeting maintained by those in the village, unless, as was sometimes the case, Elder Lewis, of the Minor Meeting House, came down and preached late in the afternoon. We boys remembered well Captain Pendleton, the mill watchman, who used to come in late, set his lantern down in the outer room, then take a back seat on the north side. After the opening exercises he would be the first to kneel in prayer. He began very quietly, kept increasing in intensity of feeling and loudness of tone until he very nearly lost his breath; but he always convinced us boys that he found and sheltered himself in the very heart of God. Uncle Hiram was the usual leader. Father

always took part. Their uniform sincerity, together with the simple, genuine testimony of the humble mill folk, brought to bear upon us boys a steady pressure toward the kingdom. The singing for these meetings was helped by a singing school held in the village during winter evenings. Vocal music was always one of the chief features of the social gatherings of the place.

We moved into No. 12, the south side of the house, just north of the store. The first two years Stephen attended the district school. In the spring of 1861 he was placed in the spinning-room, as father had adopted the plan that his boys should work half the time. In 1862 Stephen again attended the district school, and had James M. Collins for teacher. He took care of the school-house, built fires, and sometimes assisted in hearing the lower classes recite. Young as he was, he took a leading part in preparing for an exhibition, which netted eight dollars. With this sum was purchased a Pronouncing Gazetteer for the use of the school. In April, 1863, he was again at work in the spinning-room. It was in this year that Emma, our two-year-old sister, died, in October—a sorrow we boys all felt. In September, 1864, he again returned to the district school, then taught by Charlotte Maxson. He also resumed taking care of the school-house.

At the close of the village term, as he found the village school did not meet his needs he went to the Westerly High School, a private institution, with

A. J. Foster as principal, and occupying American Hall on High Street. Every Westerly boy who came under Principal Foster's instruction will carry vivid remembrances of his unique, hearty, forceful personality: he was lacking in order and neatness; he would burst now and then into spasmodic assertion of authority, and then lapse into indulgent familiarity; yet, blunt, without dignity and method, uncouth, as he seemingly had to be, he was a great inspiration to those who had a mind to learn, and a heart to feel his inner largeness and sincerity. It was not altogether in the routine instruction that he gave; he was always running over with quaint remarks; he had an eye and an ear and a sensitive soul for lessons that were flashing forth from every page of the text-book, and from every nook and cranny of daily life. He was a big boy-friend with a streak of genius in him; at heart devout, musical to his finger tips. Stephen says: "I attended here about a year, in the mean time taking up algebra, natural philosophy, analysis of the English language, book-keeping, in connection with other English branches. After becoming acquainted with Mr. Foster, I was always on very intimate terms with him, and with all his peculiarities (and he had them), I liked him, and considered him an excellent teacher. On two or three occasions I accompanied him to help survey some land, and thus learned a little of the practical part of surveying." He was selected to make the presentation speech when the school

gave their teacher a silver pitcher, December 25, 1865.

It was while attending Foster's school that he became a Christian. Let me continue to quote Stephen's words: "The next winter, in January and February of 1866, a religious interest commenced in some of the churches of Westerly, and among them the First Baptist Church, of which father, mother, and brother Benjamin were members. I attended some of the evening meetings that were held there, and under the influence of these services and of friends who talked to me, and I trust also the work of the Holy Spirit on my heart, I was led to realize my condition as a sinner, and was led to give my heart to Jesus, and commenced to try to live a life of piety."

Some of the friends he refers to were his school-mates at Westerly. Those who have communicated with me speak of Stephen as attractive, vivacious, manly. "All the girls liked Stephen." "Among all you boys he was spokesman." The assistant teacher remembers now what "a pleasure it was to know him, he was so frank and sincere." His religious awakening was characterized, "not by haste, but by deliberation of choice; and his after life shows it was governed by the choice."

He was baptized March 18, 1866, by Rev. Frederick Dennison, the pastor, in the old canal, now filled up, at the foot of the hill, as one goes from Westerly to Stillmanville. In referring to the little meet-

ings held in White Rock, just after joining the church, Stephen writes a sentence which proved to be a prophecy, fulfilling itself in more and more splendid fruitfulness up to the last week of his life: "These meetings I attended regularly, and generally took some part. I formed a resolution soon after I was converted to make it a matter of principle to help sustain religious meetings of this character whenever it should be my privilege to attend them."

It may seem a gloomy eclipse of this bright life, prospering in school, winning delightful friends, dedicating his career to Christian fidelity and hopefulness, to record the fact that on the very next day after he was baptized he again entered the mill to work. It was always a hard experience the first week. Cotton dust, oily atmosphere, the clatter of machinery, and especially the confinement, had their depressing, sometimes sickening, effect. But that was the life in which we were brought up, and in which the most of those we knew were living and working. It is not to be supposed, however, that a mill boy had no good times. There were pleasant friendships inside factory walls. There were genuine, intelligent people, who kept well informed upon current events. While working in the spinning-room as "doffer" and "spare hand" Stephen could have a run out once in a while into the air and the sunshine. Well do I remember what a treat it was to be allowed to take the empty pail and go under the trees in opening spring, when the leaves and the



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birds were just returning, walk along the path to the old well-curb at the northeast corner of the store. We did not rush. The empty pail one way, the full pail the other, was our passport, and we got all the enjoyment we could on the round trip. Sometimes the pail would hang at the well, catching the last drops from the bucket, while we jumped the fence, darted in at the back door, and got a bite of whatever mother was cooking that was portable.

Swimming at "the sand bar" and at the "dam" was the luxury in warm weather; while skating on the trench and on the pond above was the exhilarating delight of winter. There were parties after the mill hours, of Arcadian simplicity. There were trips to "the Bridge," as Westerly used to be called, to the stores, and entertainments; and now and then a day off for an excursion to Watch Hill, or Noyes Beach. And because White Rock was such a beautiful place, not a few fine turnouts would find their way thither. Schuyler Colfax, vice-president during Lincoln's first term, honored the factory with a visit.

Stephen was of a somewhat different build from the rest of us boys. He had a differently shaped head, lighter hair, straighter backbone. He took after his Grandmother Greene in this last respect; and he also had her liking for fine things and a tendency to indulge in high ideas. When a little fellow he would say he wanted to be a big man and have lots of money, and do what he pleased with it.

Father and mother in earlier days had a fear that Stephen saw too large a vision. Even grandmother, with us as one of the family, once took him to task when he was indulging in roseate boyish dreams, by saying, "You know, Stephen, that boys who go in at the big end of the horn come out of the little end." He replied in an instant, "No, I won't; I'll wiggle around and come out at the same end." When he made his appearance in Westerly first as a schoolboy, there were mischievous urchins who saw only his large front teeth, and they called him "Tombstones." This disturbed him, but did not prevent him winning his way easily to the highest esteem. He was considerably annoyed at the time, and more highly amused afterward, at another experience in having titles hurled at him. I presume his straightness and beautiful face provoked a less favored boy to tease him. As it once happened he wore a light-colored coat and hat, which suggested the salutation, "White coat, white hat, white head, white everything."

Grandmother Greene had a small sum of money at interest in Providence Savings Bank. When her annual dividend came she was sure to replenish her store of snuff for herself alone, and stow away in mysterious boxes a fresh purchase of candy and figs, part of which would come to us boys in frugal installments. There was no surplus pocket-money in those days; but we always had enough, and had it beforehand, so that we could buy our fire-crackers,

and in the intervening days pack and smell the powdery treasure, wishing for the "Fourth" to come.

In the house at that time there were quite a few good volumes to awaken the curiosity of growing boys: Peter Parley's "History of the World," Rollin's "Ancient History," Seward's "Life of John Quincy Adams," "Camp-Fires of the Revolution," "The American Statesman," "The Christian Life" by Peter Bain, some of Ripley's and some of Barnes's "Notes," with other smaller books, and a well-worn family Bible. For papers we had, from the very first, "The Watchman," in its various transmutations, sometimes "The Christian Era," that grandmother might have one of Spurgeon's sermons to read while we were all at church, the New York "Semi-Weekly Tribune," "The Phrenological Journal" — the last, in spite of all the criticisms that might be launched against it, was a potent inspiration for boys hungering for larger, nobler life amid closely hemming-in environment. The biographical sketches — the crude attempts at moral and mental philosophy, the health suggestions, the appeal to awakening manhood — furnished an important educational stimulus to the home atmosphere.

**A BREAK TOWARD THE
LARGER LIFE**

“My son, bear the instruction of thy father and forsake not the law of thy mother: for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and a chain about thy neck.” — PROVERBS.

“My future deeds bestir themselves within me, and move grandly toward a consummation, as ships go down the Thames.” — THOREAU.

*“He had rehearsed
The homely tale with such familiar power,
With such an active countenance, an eye
So busy, that the things of which he spake
Seemed present.”* — WORDSWORTH.

IV

A BREAK TOWARD THE LARGER LIFE

As I have said, in March, 1866, Stephen again began work in the mill. But it was under changed conditions. A year and a half at school had re-enforced his native manliness so that he was given a promotion. He was made "second hand" of the spooling-room and dressing-room, under Archibald McLellan, a Scotchman of the Scotch, who was overseer. He also cleaned and varnished the harnesses for the looms; he watched the mill at noon and rang the bell to call the operatives in after dinner. He said himself, "The job was comparatively an easy one," affording him considerable spare time. A part of this time was given to practicing on a melodeon, which father had bought the year previous especially for his use.

This was the year when I went away to Suffield to school. A decision on my part to study for the ministry was probably the only thing that made it easy for such an outward path to be cut through. In those days, however much we read and heard, collegiate honors, M.D.'s, D.D.'s, and engineers with incomes of ten thousand dollars a year were seemingly no nearer than the presidency of the United States, or the wonderful achievements of Aladdin. It was a thing of growth; but letters passing back

and forth, between home and the outside larger educational world, began at once to push the horizon farther back. Stephen took the place in the class I had to leave in the Sunday school. He also became an active member in the White Rock Excelsior Club, and I find, by consulting one of the very first letters I received in my new school home, that Stephen led in a debate on the negative of this question, "Are short terms of political office desirable?" This club was an outgrowth of a trio affair begun by Ethan Wilcox, Charles Arnold, and myself as we lingered, after the store was closed, in the boot and shoe corner, reading our several literary productions to each other. Stephen was elected librarian of the Sunday school, serving as such for the next three years and adding at the last the office of secretary and treasurer. In the summer of 1867 he took a few lessons on the church organ at Westerly, and about this time he began to give lessons on the melodeon. It will thus be seen that he was in the midst of highest activity of village life. He was bound to learn; he was delighted to serve; he dared to lead.

Because of his maturing judgment, his push, efficiency, and manly poise, father decided to offer him, in September, 1867, when he was sixteen years old, the opportunity of being overseer of the carding-room. Stephen writes: "He did not attempt to dictate in this matter, but placed the chance before me, and left it for my decision." He took the

place, assuming charge only in part at first, knowing it involved very much more care and confinement. Father stood close by for a while, until he was initiated. The machinery was put in better condition, the behavior of the help was very much improved, and the room, which had been behind in its work, after a while caught up and made a better showing. But when the novelty wore off, the care and confinement began to lay heavy siege at the heart of the young overseer. He says: "I began to have a dislike for it, some of which I never could get over; and I inwardly wished I never had accepted it. But for the sake of my reputation I never mentioned it then, and resolved to stay a reasonable time and learn all I could." In October, 1868, having given the work a fair trial, as he thought, he opened his heart to his father. He wanted to be relieved the next spring and find some other business. Father's pride was involved, and moreover, he wanted Stephen to stick to the position until he gained a complete victory in the eyes of all, himself included. After a series of talks it was finally agreed that he should remain until the summer of 1870, and in January of that year he should begin to have both his board and wages, and so have a start for schooling wherever he wished to go. Stephen often said, in after years, that father's advice at that time was the very best thing. The work then carried to victorious issue was at the basis of all his after success in mill engineering.

In his diary for 1869, when a boy seventeen years old, he records the following :

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE PRESENT YEAR

1. I will regard my Christian character, duties, and allegiance to Christ in all things my first and paramount business.

2. I will make the common Christian duties, such as secret prayer, reading scripture, taking part in meeting, etc., a matter of principle, and perform them whether I feel like it or not.

3. I will confess all the wrong I am conscious of having done to any one, as I have opportunity; and try to make right all that any one has against me; and take, as my rule of action, in all the relations I sustain to my fellow-creatures the Golden Rule of the New Testament.

4. I will obey all the laws of health so far as I understand them, especially in regard to diet, bathing, strengthening the lungs, and will take all means to build up the system generally.

5. I will have regular system or order in my course of reading, and will, from time to time, form plans as to the subject and amount in a given time, and then will adhere to them as near as circumstances will admit.

6. I will confine myself, first, in religious reading (aside from the Bible) to works that promote practical piety, rather than on theology, and in other reading, to works on improvement or education, particularly the study of man in all departments (except current news items, etc., such as papers, magazines, etc.).

7. I will strive to be diligent and faithful in my secular

business, and try to acquire all the knowledge and skill pertaining to it.

8. I will drop all bad or foolish habits formed ; strive to bring my animal propensities in subjection to my higher nature ; keep my affections pure, appetite unperturbed ; not engage in anything upon which I cannot consistently ask the blessing of God ; and finally, in all things so to live each day that I shall be forming a character God will finally approve.

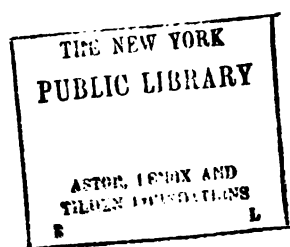
9. I will not attempt to keep the foregoing resolutions in my own strength, but will ever look and pray for strength to Him who has promised to give us all things we stand in need of.

The question of what business to follow became urgent, especially as he wished in the intervening time to be preparing himself as he should be able. A Mr. Ladd urged him, while on a visit to Providence, to become a civil engineer. The more he learned about it, the more he became inclined to that profession. In the summer of 1869 we two made a trip to New York to see the sights. John Taylor and Howard Morgan, former pupils in Foster's school, gave us welcome. The former, a lawyer, gave us the use of a room at his boarding-house in Brooklyn. The latter was a young physician then serving in a hospital on Blackwell's Island. Among the many things down on my program was to hear Beecher preach in his own pulpit, and on Stephen's to visit 389 Broadway, Fowler & Wells, and get a phrenological chart of his character, with a view to helping in the choice of a pursuit. S. R.

Wells examined him and gave him advice. The thirteen pages, preserved as valued memento, lie before me as I write. It is remarkable how faithful was the delineation, how true to after life the predictions were. I quote a few sentences: "You like to have your own way. It is just as natural for you to take a position and maintain it as it is to breathe. You have that spirit which seeks to lead rather than to follow. You are frank, open, and free. You have more generosity than economy. It is hard for you to say no when appeals are made to your sympathy. You are a good observer, quick to look into new things. You remember distinctly that which you see clearly. You will be methodical and systematic, having things in place. You are accurate as an accountant. You have considerable love for variety, and at times may seem to lack application. You have taste and refinement. You can read character well. You would make a good engineer, a builder, an architect, or a designer." This examination so tallied with his own self-knowledge, so confirmed his instinctive groping after a suitable calling, that from this time his mind was made up; his life work was to be "something in the line of engineering or architecture, or at least planning and constructing in some way." A little later, after consulting with Professor Clarke as to the course of civil engineering in Brown University, he decided to brush up his common English studies, and with my assistance, to make a beginning in geometry and



THE COTTON MILL AT WHITE ROCK, R. I.



plane trigonometry and so be able to enter the second year of that course in the autumn of 1870. This clear, definite decision brought the beginning of a great aim, hope, and joy into his life.

It was at this time that he began a more elaborate diary. His first regular entry is under date of January 4, 1870, but this is preceded by twenty-four pages of what he calls "Autobiography, up to January, 1870." These twenty-four pages are written in a plain, correct hand, probably during the month of December, as on the fly-leaf I see his name and full address, with the date "November, 1869." Here is the last sentence in the autobiography: "I now began to feel in some degree that (though not of age) I must fight my own battles; and that the key to my success or failure was in my own hands; and I believe I felt that, with God's blessing, I would do what was in my power to make my life what it should be."

It was not his purpose to write every day, but "by retrospective glances" to keep a connected account. "It shall be my aim," he says, "not only to describe events accurately, but to write neatly and correctly." For the next five months he gives, in nine different entries, account of his daily life. He is faithful to all duties, in mill, home, Sunday school, meetings. He speaks of his interest in lectures which he attended in Westerly. His mind evidently was growing rapidly, taking wider ranges of subjects, and what he received kindled his mind to

such glow that he must speak of it to others. At one time he came home surcharged with the magnetic oratory of the speaker, and gave such a full, vivid, enthusiastic reproduction of the lecture, one lady said, "There, it seems just as if I had heard that lecture myself." This was a companion picture to what might be seen at River Point when he went there on a visit to Grandfather Arnold. The old man would seat Stephen directly in front, start him with questions, and then listen with rapt attention and supreme delight to the panoramic flow of word-picturing, delineated with snap-shot accuracy and with ceaseless gusto to the last.

He sang for a while in the choir at Westerly, and for a few Sundays, at short notice, played the organ. This latter feat was performed with great trepidation, but it shows the willingness and the venture in him to try. There was considerable laughing about the service of February 7th. Elder Dennison was called away suddenly and insisted on my preaching for him. Ed Vose, the organist, was absent and Stephen had to play. "It looks as though the Greenes are running things."

In the first five months of 1870 he studied evenings, mastering the first four books of geometry, and finishing with a review of the English branches, then taking up plane trigonometry. He recited to me when I happened to be at home. His prospects took on good cheer when the report came from President Caswell that a certain number of

young men who should take the course in civil engineering would be entitled to state aid. He was elected state beneficiary in Brown University June 15th, Samuel H. Cross, our state senator, having presented his name.

This is the last entry in his diary as a factory boy: "I commenced my 'notice' in the mill this morning. I expect my time will be out the ninth of July, two weeks from next Saturday night." This was under date of June 28, 1870.

COLLEGE LIFE ENTERED

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge."—PROVERBS.

"What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul."—ADDISON.

"A complete and generous education fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices of peace and war."—MILTON.

"I must set the highest value on the personal intercourse with teacher, from whom one learns how thought works in independent heads. Whoever has come in contact but once with one or several first-class men will find his intellectual standard changed for life."—HELMHOLTZ.



COLLEGE LIFE ENTERED

Monday, July 11th, he makes these entries: "I finished work in the mill Saturday night, and I feel as if a great load had been lifted from me. Two weeks ago to-day I went to Providence to attend commencement exercises. Thursday forenoon I entered my name, and was examined to enter the university. I must confess that I had a little dread of it before I went in, but, upon going through, I found it was not as much as I had thought. I was examined in mathematics by Professor Clarke, and in English grammar and geography by Professor Bancroft." Before returning home that night he learned that he had passed, and soon after he received his certificate as state beneficiary. He continues, "Now I'm all straight with reference to that and my entering the university. I feel very thankful that I have been so prospered. I can enjoy my vacation better."

On the Fourth of July the village had a picnic on the lot between our house and the store. Father was at the head not only by virtue of being superintendent of the village, but because he was a past-master in conducting a Rhode Island clam-bake. One of his rare delights, oft repeated through many years, was to go into all the particulars, as to size, heat and position of stones, the lay of sea-weed, the

heap of the clams, the adjuncts of potatoes and green corn. His face and tone of voice would always reflect the pride he felt in his achievements, while memory of these succulent feasts down by the sounding sea would always make our mouths water to have him prove his skill once more. The Sunday school marched in procession from the school-house. After dinner Stephen read the Declaration of Independence, and also acted as toast-master, while he himself, at the close, was called out as an extra, for the people were proud of him, and rejoiced in his opening prospects.

The early part of the summer was given to a visit among relatives, the Hazzards in Putnam, the Briggs in Grosvenordale, Connecticut; the Bennetts and the Arnolds in Phenix and River Point. These villages were the stamping-ground for the Greene boys in their occasional visits. He also extended his trip to Rocky Point and Newport, and when he rounded up his tour in White Rock he had one of those deathly sick times which periodically reminded him that, though "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and he was one of the Lord's favorite children, still there was a limit to his assimilative capacity. During the month of August he took up study again. He reviewed geometry, practiced draughting, and took lessons in penmanship.

Monday, September 5th, he made his last entry in his diary as a boy at home. The bulk of his life and activity hereafter will be out in the great world.

Home, outside of vacations, will be a memory; and to him it was such a hallowed one! He writes: "To-morrow I expect to leave home for Providence. I have lived here so long I have become attached to the place; and of course it is not pleasant to part with all my friends. But feeling it is for my best interest to go, and expecting to be surrounded by congenial friends, I look forward with some pleasure to my departure."

September 19th. Under this date I find this first sentence, written at Brown: "I have really entered college. I came in two weeks ago to-morrow, and the remainder of that week I was at work with Benjamin fixing up our room. We had it cleaned. I painted and we together papered it; and now it looks quite cheerful and pleasant." That was room No. 40, at the foot of the second flight of stairs, in the south part of the old University Hall. Bestor, my former chum at Suffield and for two years in Brown, roomed next to us; Dean across the way, and Bennett and John Mason in the Adoniram Judson room at the southeast corner of that floor. He entered for a select course, sitting with the sophomores, class of 1873, taking geometry with the freshmen under Professor Clarke, trigonometry with the sophomores under Professor Greene, and French under Professor Hobigand. He entered the second year's class in civil engineering. He says: "I like my studies very well; although it seems a little hard for me to apply my-

self closely. It is something I have not been used to. I guess I shall soon get broken in. I take my meals where Benjamin has been boarding for a year, Mrs. Gould's, on North Main Street."

He began at once to go to the Central Baptist Church with me. He joined Professor Clarke's Bible class, and in October brought his letter of membership. He attended the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting, and in all ways identified himself with the active force of the church. He liked "Mr. Bainbridge's preaching very much." In December he took a class of boys. It soon grew to nine, and three of them were baptized, became active workers, and showed appreciation of their teacher by giving him a fine flexible pocket Bible. On the last day of the year he writes: "I have at times had my heart warmed with love, but I feel a conscious lack of that strong, relying faith which I ought to have. It is my prayer that I may grow in grace, and be more earnestly and more zealously engaged."

He joined D. U., and in commenting on it said: "It is composed, I think, of some of the best men in college." What a delightful fellowship, as I now look back upon it: The Farnhams (E. P. and Seth), O. P. Gifford and Robert Martin, Ed Miller, Blake, O. P. Bestor, E. A. Herring, W. W. Landrum, Jack McKinney, D. W. Hoyt, D. H. Taylor, L. S. Woodworth, W. V. Kellen, W. S. Liscomb, and others; with E. Benjamin Andrews and Will Peck to talk about as carrying honors in the class of '70.



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He had the privilege of hearing such lecturers as Gough, Beecher, and Wendell Phillips. These were a great inspiration to him. When he got home from hearing the oratorio of the "Creation" he says: "It was the grandest thing I ever heard." He took vocal lessons of one of the students, wishing to make the most of his voice by knowing just how to use it. A part of the music of our room, as I remember it now, was his refrain of "B. Two, Pa. Ah." I see his face glowing like the morning sunrise, his mouth wide open in his intense desire to convert all breath into musical amplitude, while in his looks there was a willing of the lowermost muscles to put in their fundamental work. No half-way business for him. Then, as in after life, it was a habit to throw his whole soul into what he did. When he sang, this wholeness began with the first word. The last of the first year he joined the college chorus and enjoyed it intensely. It gave him a touch of musical experience which was both culture and enlargement. He was successful in his first year's studies, getting the highest mark, 20, in all but physiology. His face and voice, his ability and conscientiousness, gave him right of way in many a college experience. In debate he was not specially active, probably because he had not the academic training of his associates; but he often spoke afterwards of the help it gave him in thinking on his feet.

In the second year he took physics under Professor Blake, and chemistry with Professor Appleton.

In connection with his engineering course, he secured a position in the office of the city waterworks to make tracing and do other work as called for. Professor Clarke on this account excused him from drawing in the college class. He was thus able to learn and earn at the same time. This advantage helped him to make up his mind to stay three years and graduate in the B. P. course. He writes: "I naturally want to go out this year and go into business, but I feel it is my duty, as I have the opportunity, to get as good a preparation as possible for my future life. And not only do I need and want the preparation I may gain in my studies here at college, but I want to be prepared as a Christian man for all my duties, both in the church with all its work and outside of the church, and this leads me to say that I have enjoyed more, I think, in the Christian life during the last term than I have since the revival when I was converted." This entry was made January 18, 1872, and it was the last in the book. There are a few loose slips of paper with memoranda from which he evidently intended to fill in and continue "a connected account"; but college life, church and social fellowship were more and more cumulative in their demands.

He loved companionship; and there must come in somewhere wit, joke, laughter; but any approach to the low or the mean awakened his disgust. He would never tire of reverting to a good thing, and having a fresh explosion of laughter over it. One

thing that pleased him immensely was a remark of "Big Smith" who was struggling along through college. When he managed, after prolonged economy, to get a new suit, he said, "Boys, I'm bound to dress well, if I don't lay up a cent."

During his first year in college he became acquainted with Mr. N. B. Schubarth, a civil engineer in the city and a member of the Central Church. It was natural that the two should become interested in each other, because of their similar business tastes. But there was something working deeper than business instincts and ambition. Natalia, the daughter, attended the evening services with her father; and very soon Stephen found his path was crossed by a face, a voice, a soul, born, as he felt, to be the queen of his heart. The process of enthronement was not hasty; but there was in it the steady, increasing persistency of love, genuine, profound, which gathered into itself the quintessence of all that was best in him. It was in the summer of 1872 that the fateful letter was sent from his White Rock home, and gained reply which sealed the mutual pledge. In those days Aunt Sarah was a confidant in many a long, frank talk. To show how important steps were closely associated with religious spirit and conviction, let me quote a sentence just here: "While at home I performed an act which, with the exception of my reception and profession by faith in Jesus Christ, was perhaps one of the most important events of my whole life. After prayer-

fully and thoughtfully considering the matter I decided to write."

This phase of his life brings up fresh to mind our improvised quartette: "Cap" Landrum, Herring, Stephen, myself. In the spring of 1872 we four were boarding at "Mother" Wickes', on Broad Street. In leisure moments, when the inner man was filled, it was natural for "Cap" to strike up "Sweet Belle Mahone." Stephen was a close second. Herring and I would follow as we could. Three of us were far enough along in our elect preferences, and we decided one night upon a round of serenade. Looking back upon it now it seems incredible that we dared to venture on such enterprise, but we did; Smith's Hill, the bottom and the top of it, and Greenwich Street heard what we could do. In one place, to give our voices vantage, we leaped a fence and found ourselves ankle deep in mud. In those days, late hours, a high jump, venturesome endeavor, were counted as nothing, even though recitation came very early next morning.

He returned to college in the autumn of 1872 with heart elate, with mind exultant. Three important choices—the choice of religion, business, affection—were back of him, were in him, re-enforcing with a triple motive power. Two years had accustomed him to study. Success had added a sense of victorious ability, and the senior year opened with marvelous fascination. He took astronomy and the calculus under Professor Greene,



AT SEVEN.



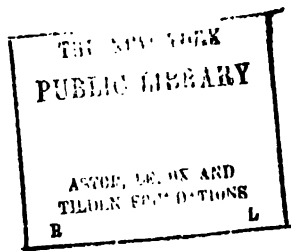
AT SIXTEEN.



AT EIGHTEEN.



AT TWENTY-ONE.



geology under Professor Appleton, political economy under Professor Diman, and philosophy under that prince of teachers, President E. G. Robinson. Finding his studies required more time he gave up his position in the office of the city waterworks, but was employed vacations with Mr. Schubarth. He graduated a B. P., and with the honor of having attained the rank of Phi Beta Kappa.

FEELING HIS WAY INTO PLACE

“ Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.”—PAUL.

*“ I will go forth ’mong men, not mailed in scorn
But in the armor of a pure intent.
Great duties lie before me and great aims.”*

*“ Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire :
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.”*

—GEORGE HERBERT.

*“ Deeper, far deeper, than supply and demand are laws,
obligations, sacred as man’s life itself. He that will learn
them, behold, Nature is on his side. He shall yet work
and prosper with noble rewards.”—CARLYLE.*

VI

FEELING HIS WAY INTO PLACE

After a short vacation he began to work in the architect and engineer's office of N. B. Schubarth, No. 29 Weybossett Street. There he could at once apply in part what he had been learning in a general way and he would be in condition to enter with more practical skill any special line when it presented itself.

In this office he continued work about a year and a half. While thus employed, on the eve of December 15, 1874, he married Natalia L. Schubarth, in the beautiful home of the bride's parents, on Smith's Hill, the pastor, Rev. W. F. Bainbridge, officiating. The night outside was intensely cold. The ordeal of the ceremonial, anticipated with such exuberant delight, took wonted color from the bridegroom's cheeks. The solemnity of the event, for the moment, struck down deepest of all. In that compact of wedded love he gave himself in his entirety, gave all he was, and in after years, growing to be more and more, and having more and more, he still gave himself in his entirety. Love was the central possession. He was willing to begin with the best of the little means he could command, but he was bound to make the little grow.

He was open-eyed to the advantages that would

come from a combination of his practical experience in cotton manufacturing with the scientific fit of a collegiate course. So in April, 1875, when he was offered a position in the office of D. M. Thompson & Co., mill architects and engineers, in Butler Exchange, he very gladly accepted. After some months of working on mill plans Mr. Thompson released him to go to Hills Grove, in the employ of Thomas J. Hill, as superintendent of construction. Here he moved in the spring of 1876. Having complete charge, seeing everything done from the laying of the foundation to the placing of the capstone, and from the setting of the engine to the finishing course of the chimney, arranging machinery, managing help of a different class from those in White Rock carding-room, coming into frequent contact with business men in various departments, he had the best disciplinary drill. He tucked it all away in his brain and marrow. He always was a walking interrogation point. What he saw in mechanics and architecture became his mental possession forever after. He spent many a quiet evening reading up on cotton manufacturing.

Before he went to Hills Grove he had been elected assistant superintendent of the Central Baptist Sunday school. He made it a practice to go to the city school every Sunday, and with the help of Fred Hartwell, started a Sunday school and a preaching service in the village. Religious work was never perfunctory, because it was an overflow; even the

boys in the class he had given up perceived it, and they came down to his village home to show their appreciation ; among them was young Faunce, now president of Brown University.

It was here that Edwin Farnham, the first son, was born. What a deepening and hallowing of life come to a Christian man with parental joys and cares. It was also while he lived here that he with his brothers first carried sacred dust from the old home to burial. This time it was Grandmother Greene, who had lived to be eighty-eight years old. Such combined experiences give skillful mixture of color on life's palette, from which the softer touches and the deeper, richer shades are taken.

In November, 1879, he returned to Providence and entered the office of A. D. Lockwood & Co., No. 65 Westminster Street. This was a coveted relationship. Mr. Lockwood had come to be recognized as the leading mill engineer, taking the place made vacant by the death of David Whitman. The name of the latter was an honored one in father's estimation. To be associated with any one in the line of his operation would be most desirable. Stephen began at the draughting-board in the back office with high hopes and a dogged determination to do the very best he could. This was the chance he had been looking for. To make himself essential to that office by strictest fidelity and by all the superb excellence he could command was his ambition.

Think for a moment of his personality. It is

now nine years since he was overseer. His life had been enriched by collegiate training and fellowship with the best. He had the experience gained in two offices and from directing the construction of a first-class mill. He felt the responsibility of home life, hallowed by the added care of parentage. His growing worth and efficiency placed him high in office in one of the chief churches of the city. His face then was what it was afterward, a radiant index of ability and aspiration. His manner and bearing were pledge that he would make a way for himself.

It was evident that Mr. Lockwood took kindly to the new-comer. An occasional stroll would find him standing at Stephen's board in friendly chat. In such interchange genial souls detect each other's worth. The jealousy of the draughtsman over him was speedily awakened, and that made the next year the most humiliating of his life. He was unpleasantly interfered with, shoved off into a corner, made to feel the thumb-pressure of a "boss," who was afraid of what might happen. Well do I remember our conversation in those days. He was in his Egypt experience. Sometimes it was like trying to make bricks without straw. Shall he not burst out in protest? It was galling. Forces surged back and forth in his soul turning it into a battle-field. He gained a victory; he was silent. He swallowed indignity and persevered. He endured the grinding and kept at the drawing-board. How my heart ached

for him as he vented his indignation to me in private; how it gloried in him to see the stuff he was made of.

There are good business men whose eyes are like God's, seeing when unseen. The eyes of his employer ferreted out the exact situation. One day he called Stephen into the front office, told him he knew what was going on, advised him to keep faithfully at his task, promising he would soon hear from him. At an early day he was given independent work, and somewhat later, March 1, 1882, he was taken into the firm, while the man who tried to hinder him was allowed all the space there was in the outside world.

All the while he had held to the religion of his boyhood. It was not simply grit; it was grit mingled with grace. It was fidelity to principle; it was ambition weighted with conscientiousness. "The Right and Noble Thing"; that was the key-motto he adopted.

**HIS PLACE FOUND: "LOCKWOOD,
GREENE & CO."**

“Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings: he shall not stand before mean men.”

—PROVERBS.

*“There is nothing like dreams to create the future.
Utopia to-day, flesh and blood to-morrow.”*

—VICTOR HUGO.

“All building shows man either as gathering or governing: and the secrets of his success are his knowing what to gather and how to rule.”—RUSKIN.

“It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion: it is easy in solitude to live after our own, but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.”—EMERSON.

VII

HIS PLACE FOUND: "LOCKWOOD, GREENE & CO."

The firm consisted of Amos D. Lockwood, J. W. Danielson, and Stephen Greene. An ideal situation. The mature, the successful manufacturer and mill engineer recognized the promise of the younger man. Worth had pushed its way into his big heart, and from the beginning he gave it companionship without reserve and leadership with ever-increasing confidence. Stephen had the profoundest respect for Mr. Lockwood. He thought of him not only as a man of acknowledged understanding among all mill authorities, but as having back of all this a manhood he could love for its integrity and its ethical solidity. It was largeness not content with big business schemes, but such as found delight in pushing out a wide horizon all around.

All that the older partner knew was resource for the younger, and the latter brought, in addition to youthful zest and latest scientific training, an innate passion for accuracy of accounts, orderliness, and system in work and records. The first year he made an extended tour through the South, visiting mills in which the firm were interested. This was understood to be his special phase of the work; so he would relieve Mr. Lockwood

of most of the traveling necessary in that kind of business.

I have before me a letter written November 21, 1882, from Charleston, South Carolina, speaking of Charlotte, Spartanburg, Piedmont, Pelzer, Newberry. He is expecting that afternoon to go to Augusta, Georgia, and requests me to send my reply to Memphis, as a letter from home is very welcome. It was a custom with us to have correspondence quicken when he was on a trip. He had something to write about, and also an occasional leisure half-hour on the train or in the hotel, and he wanted to keep in touch with home friends. Letters to his own home were re-enforced by frequent telegrams when quick intelligence was desired. A postscript to this letter shows his heart: "I ought to have added an expression of my gratitude that my little Harold is safely over the worst of the scarlet fever. I was in great anxiety when I heard of it first. How my sympathy goes out to Fred and Mary (Hartwell) in the loss of their little Johnnie." He never had to build a bridge to get into sympathy with some one.

He enjoyed these trips South as they gave him a chance to study his own business and its possibilities on a larger scale. They also multiplied delightful companionship and gave him first-hand information in great variety. There is nothing like travel, meeting typical humanity under varied conditions, to give finishing touches to culture, to en-

courage breadth of view and balance of judgment. He invariably sought out churches to attend wherever he went, however tiresome his journeying. He was the kind of a Christian that could be rested at the end of the week's work nowhere so well as in a spirited, spiritual service. Near the end of his first trip he writes from Louisville, Kentucky: "I am heartily longing for home. My trip has been pleasant in many respects, but there's no place like home. I shall gladly exchange first-class hotel fare and Pullman cars for my quiet home on Pine Street."

In this initial run through the South there may be found an epitome of all the rest. Friendships kept multiplying and enriching, information was ever accumulating, while hunger for home-coming grew keener and keener. There was one feature of these excursions into the Sunny South which every friend of his will remember. He always brought home at least one side-splitting story. It would not come first; but we knew he had it in reserve. Before he began, his face would glow and wreath itself into a smile. After a little hitch in his chair, a clearing of throat with a little laugh, perhaps a slap on the knee, he would proceed to reproduce it, and never once would it lose its cumulative interest, its sure march to the explosive climacteric. He believed it was good for both liver and soul to laugh with gusto.

This combination of age and youth, of a masterly adviser at headquarters and a magnetic pusher in the field, was successful from the start, and con-

tinued to grow with promise until Mr. Lockwood's sudden death, in the spring of 1884. This was a terrible blow. They had been together long enough for Stephen not only to work in harmony with his ideas and methods, but to respect and love him as a son. Most fortunate was it for the young partner that the Lockwood family continued the advantages of the senior partner's esteem. Mr. J. W. Danielson, son-in-law of Mr. Lockwood, continued in the firm as adviser; he brought with him all the plans of a long-established business and the good will of the family.

From this time the business was virtually in the hands of the young mill engineer, and he was to prove whether it was to continue to grow or dwindle and collapse. His treatment from first to last, on the part of both Mr. Lockwood and Mr. Danielson, was magnanimous in the extreme. Stephen never tired giving witness to this fact; and he also never tired of putting in his best, early and late, at home and abroad, to keep the firm name an honored one.

These seven years, 1879-86, were eventful in his career. He forged to the front. He demonstrated business ability of the masterly sort. His power to make friends and keep them in the midst of sharp competition was phenomenal. He began to be talked about as the typical enterprising young business man. He loved recognition, and was proud of the friends he was making, but this never took from him the shadow of a shade of his regard and

sympathy for the common man and his interest in religion. Indeed, the more he succeeded in business the more he rejoiced that he could bring this increase of ability, means, and reputation to re-enforce what he could do for the church.

In 1877 he had been elected to succeed that prince among Sunday school superintendents, James Boyce, and he continued in that position till his removal to Newburyport. He was ideal in that office. The children all loved him ; for he was the incarnation of vivacity, geniality, and hopefulness. As he walked about briskly through the gathering throng, his smile, his voice, his presence, were magnetic. And when he stood in front of the school to open it, with singing-book in hand, the boys and the girls looked upon him as a sort of personal morning sunrise ; the day was just beginning, the landscape was flooded with light. He was his own chorister. When he opened wide his mouth, threw back his fine head with a toss of vocal emphasis, and the nobility of his face deepened the mellowness of his voice, every one felt that it was time for a chorus of song. His was the early, liquid note of the robin ; all songsters that had music in their throat felt like falling into line.

What a delight such a young man is to a pastor. And what a help it is for such a man to have the shaping influence, the encouragement and inspiration of such pastors as Benjamin O. True and Richard Montague. What providential joinings in those

days! Both these men had a royal appreciation of their Sunday school leader. They both encouraged him to the utmost in using his elect powers, native and acquired. He was chosen deacon of the church, and was called out into city and convention work. In November, 1885, he was honored by election to the presidency of the Rhode Island Baptist Social Union. Undoubtedly the superb way in which he presided over the meetings of that year gave him that extended reputation which made it seem the natural thing for promotion to follow wherever he went afterward.

He was not anxious for office. He never pulled a wire to get one. He was anxious to serve; spontaneous in his willingness, painstaking to the minutest detail, he proved himself so helpful, so aggressively energetic and suggestive in outlining of plan and procedure, that thought of him found itself nestling in many a heart at the same time. There was a demand for him always preceding his entrance upon office. This desire to serve led him to invite students to his home to dinner, where he might not only give the hospitality of food, but beam upon them, and breathe into them the inspiration which meant so much to him in former years.

After all, home was the center, the holy of holies, in his earthly life. To grow and prosper meant, with every heart-beat, his home should prosper, too. Refinements and delicacies were added to substantial things. His vow at the marriage altar was

ever a golden clasp. The children that came brought, each of them, additional hallowing: Stephen Harold, April 27, 1880, and Everett Arnold, May 14, 1885. When the father entered the house, he would look for the youngest, and after a kiss for his wife, say to the little one in his arms, as he often heard his own father say, "Now, up straight as a pickerel," and the little tow head would touch or come near the ceiling. There were shouts and laughter when he came home.

And as his own home became more precious to him he saw and realized in the reflection of its blessing what his own early home had been, and he began to show that larger and ever larger appreciation in adult years, which not only helps to form a halo around the old homestead, but makes the fire burn brighter on the hearthstone. It was on Thanksgiving Day, 1883, we had our first large family reunion at Granite Farm. Parents, children, grandchildren, Aunt Sally, Aunt Sarah, and Susie, all then alive and well, made up as happy a family group as ever found shelter under the old roof-tree; and Stephen was then, as always, the center of attraction. He was the abounding, overflowing one; the leader in talk and story-telling; the one to break out in song and get all the rest to join. It was then that I read a half-hour of jingling rhymes, recounting the family sojourn from Harrisville to Westerly; and the mill engineer's pocket-book, not plethoric, but beginning to bulge just a little, footed the bill of the printing.

**NEWBURYPORT: VICTORY WRESTED
FROM DEFEAT**

"Possessions vanish and opinions change,

.
But, by the storm of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists."

— WORDSWORTH.

"How soon a smile of God can change the world!

. how work
Grows play, adversity a winning fight."

— BROWNING.

"A determined man, by his very attitude and the
tone of his voice, puts a stop to defeat and begins to con-
quer." — EMERSON.

VIII

NEWBURYPORT: VICTORY WRESTED FROM DEFEAT

Stephen had a longing to be a little more closely identified with the actual manufacturing process. In spite of his success in pushing the work into larger area and winning new clientage, he reasoned that there would be ebb as well as flow in the building enterprise. At times, looking ahead, there seemed to be considerable venture called for. If he could only become treasurer of some concern, that, he thought, would be an arrangement which would bring in a steadying element, while he could still continue to direct the engineering plans of the office. Such an opening seemed to offer just what he desired. The Ocean Mills property was for sale in Newburyport, Massachusetts. A company was formed, made up of friends and business acquaintances who had confidence in his ability, and incorporated under the name of the Whitefield Mills. Among the principal stockholders was Mr. Seth M. Milliken, a commission merchant of New York, whose friendship, advice, financial support at this time and in after years were of inestimable value. It was a part of Stephen's capital that he could win his way to the confidence of the strongest and most successful. That his capital was not inflated is proved by the uniform treatment which

they were willing to accord him in a long series of years.

In November, 1886, he moved his family to Newburyport, occupying the large Papanti mansion on Broad Street. In these ample quarters, with a mill close at hand to bring up into fine working order, and an engineering office through which he could feel out into the great manufacturing world, he was happy and hopeful. He concluded that now he was on a good, solid basis. Early and late he gave his best thought to the renovation and starting up of the mills. He expected to be successful right there within the old walls.

What a pleasure it was for him to show the citizens of the town that he had come to be one of them in everything good. His genial manner, his business and social standing, gave him swift access to all hearts. His reputation preceded him. But, anyway, it would not take over a week of days, including one Sunday, for him to locate himself as a moral force, so that the town might know just where to find him. He used to laughingly tell of a ride he took with Patrick, a coachman left over from the family whose house he occupied. It seemed a delight for the driver to go by the large houses and the fine church buildings and speak of leading families and elegant congregations. By and by they happened to pass the less pretentious Baptist edifice, and Stephen said, "Well, Patrick, here's where I expect to go to church." After a few seconds of thought, the Irish

shrewdness, which Stephen was so fond of putting to the test, made reply, "There's a *very* fine congregation goes there."

The many and spacious rooms of this house made him think of a family reunion, and the first Thanksgiving Day we were all there in the most delightful fellowship, waking echoes of song and laughter in the high ceilings.

Rev. E. E. Thomas was finishing his pastorate at the time, and after a year of waiting Rev. L. A. Pope, a personal friend and college mate, was selected as his successor. In Pope's large heartedness, flaming zeal, and practical efficiency Stephen took great delight. Whether there was a pastor or not he could be counted on for constant and generous support in presence, in testimony, in singing, and for leadership in any necessary benevolent enterprise. Wherever there was a pastor, to him he was loyal "to the core." His home was open for committees, socials, entertainments.

There was a social, literary atmosphere in the place which he very much enjoyed. He became a member of the Tuesday Evening Club, which James Parton, the author, regularly attended. His various trips through the South enabled him to present interesting papers not only in the line of his own business, but as giving expression to his somewhat modified views of the social and political situation. He never changed from his early New England convictions, so far as ethical fundamentals were con-

cerned, but he learned by the fireside of Southern homes to look through eyes that were a little more charitable in specific judgments.

The Whitefield Mills were not a success. When Stephen began to realize the possibilities that were dimly looming in the distance, he was troubled in his soul beyond the power of words. On that topic he was silent at first. He fought the battle over and over in his mind. He had gone into the enterprise with sanguine expectations, shared by men of much larger experience in manufacturing. He had expended considerable money in absolutely necessary improvements. He had worked hard and put into it his very best judgment. He had done the whole of what he could with the means at his disposal. It was still a patched-up mill. The bulk of its machinery was old. There were old adjustments that would inevitably militate against the highest efficiency, and there were no dividends to pass around. He thought not simply of his own ambition. He thought of friends who had made investment there on his account. He remembered the flattering words sounded abroad in Providence. His business reputation was at stake.

He found himself at his third Egyptian experience. Out of the first his father helped him when he was a discouraged overseer; he yielded to paternal judgment, gained a victory over himself, and laid foundation for after mastery. Out of the second Mr. Lockwood led him with the assurance that

his intrinsic worth was noted well, adding the promise if he would continue faithful right where he was a way of deliverance would open. How shall he get out of the third? He knew the gloom out of which this sentence has its birth, "It is always darkest just before day." How shall he get out? The success of the Southern mills, the growing demand for Northern resource—these thoughts were in his mind, rubbing against the thought of his failure to succeed. Right there at the friction point flashed the suggestion, providential, if you please, Why not box up this machinery, load freight trains, and make this part and parcel of a new plant in the Southland? There were others who agreed with the suggestion. There were still others who looked upon it as an out and out confession of failure, and more than that, they thought the promise in the moving was less radiant than in staying. But when the matter was thought out and decided upon, optimism once more enthroned itself in Stephen's life, and its right to the throne from that time forever after never came in question.

Looking back upon that crisis, in connection with all that went before and all that has followed since, we may be inclined to underestimate the storm and stress of mind through which he passed. Some one may say, Oh, he knew that he could pull through. He did know it, but only at the end of tussle of thought, wide sweep of vision, heart to heart conference with those who were willing to bear

and share, and in the midst of it his knees were often bended in petition that God would add his blessing. I quote from the "Textile World": "At the time when Northern manufacturers had not fully appreciated the importance of Southern competition in certain lines of goods, Mr. Greene recognized the advantages possessed by the South, and became satisfied that machinery employed on the class of goods made at Whitefield Mills could be operated to better advantage in the South. Acting on the strength of this conviction the machinery of the Whitefield Mills was moved bodily to the South and set up in the Spartan Mill. This was, we believe, the pioneer act in the removal of a complete Northern cotton mill to the South. The subsequent success of the Spartan Mill made the original investment in the old Ocean Mill plant a satisfactory one."

Victory was wrested from defeat. His father was jostled out of a little mill privilege, twelve miles from a railroad, and the same to-day, out into the great world. So Providence, with a hand somewhat rough like that, pushed Stephen from his office of treasurer of the Whitefield Mills, but in doing so opened the way for him to establish his headquarters as mill engineer and architect in the very heart of Boston, where at that time centered, to a large extent, the cotton manufacturing interests of the country. Before, he became rightly placed in the firm, now the firm is advantageously placed in the right city.

**BOSTON: SETTLING INTO ASSURED
PROSPERITY**

*“ His gifts,
Are they not still, in some degree, rewards
Of service ?”*

—WORDSWORTH.

*“ I have had a beautiful day—so beautiful that labor,
joy, striving, attaining, are one.”*—GOETHE.

*“ The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy
thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones ; and thou
shalt be like a watered garden and like a spring of water
whose waters fail not.”*—ISAIAH.

IX

BOSTON: SETTLING INTO ASSURED PROSPERITY

In January, 1890, he took possession of his new Boston office, occupying a suite of rooms on the upper floor in the tower of the Rialto Building. At this time he became sole proprietor. There was venture in binding himself to such a rental. He spoke of it in that way freely; and yet there was an undertow of growing conviction that his time had come for boldness and for claiming his share of the world's well-earned successes. He decided to establish himself in a center accessible to coveted clients, and to have rooms in which he would not be ashamed to greet the greatest among them. He was "up in the world," for a visitor had to climb an additional winding flight after he had gone as far as the elevator would take him; but it was quiet and airy when one got there, and the finely polished plate, with the firm name in bold letters, encouraged any one with good taste to take that extra old-fashioned way of getting upstairs.

He began here with an office force of six employees. Here he adopted stenography and the typewriter to facilitate attending to what had grown to be laborious correspondence. Work began to come to him in a larger way in response to his announce-

ments and his own magnetic personal conferences. The success of the Spartanburg project brought him into notice in the South. Without stopping to note the stages in the process, it may be said that not only was he employed as engineer and architect for many of the finest enterprises of the South, but he was also held in such confidence that Northern capitalists were inclined to make large investments. He grew to be a middleman between the two sections, trusted, honored, and beloved in both, as testimonials, to be produced later, will show. "The extent of business may be realized when it is known that Lockwood, Greene & Co. have built mills in the South alone aggregating, in wholly new constructions or enlargements to existing plants, about two million spindles, or nearly one-third the present spindle capacity of the South." In New England many large mills were completely reorganized, e. g., those of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company and Chicopee Manufacturing Company and the Androscoggin Mills. The best example of a woolen mill is the Washington Mills at Lawrence, though belonging to an earlier date.

One of the interesting features of his success is the way in which he gradually branched out from making plans for cotton mills to the planning for construction of other works. He designed bleacheries, dye-works, and print-works, among the largest concerns of the kind in the country, at Lewiston, Maine; at Pawtucket, Rhode Island; at Norwich,

Connecticut; at Lodi and at Rockaway, New Jersey. There was also the designing of such plants as Crompton & Knowles Loom Works; Plymouth Cordage Company, the largest in the world; Saco and Pettee Machine Shops; the Atlas Tack Co.'s factory; Ginn & Co., publishing plant; the American Optical Co.'s new buildings. Indeed, during the last year of his life he had in the office work for one new cotton mill in the North and two only in the South. He was reaching out in a cosmopolitan way to all work which required heavy mill construction. Not every year was a good year to build a cotton factory.

He remained in the Rialto Building nine years and a half. Crowded for space, he had the floor above fitted for a draughting-room, but even that was not sufficient to keep up with the business, and in June, 1900, he rented the entire sixth floor of a newly renovated building at No. 93 Federal Street. This he arranged with consummate skill and painstaking method and care with a view to convenience and swift effective pushing of a large volume of work. It would be hard to find an office suite that gave a better impression of the solid and the elegant. When I saw him at last, in the inner private office, sitting at the mahogany desk with a great pile of correspondence before him, a smile on his face at my entrance, a poise in all his bearing that indicated sense of mastery, my heart said, with brotherly pride and admiration, his dream of years is realized.

His success was due in great part to his personality. Over and above the knowledge of fundamentals and details, as technical equipment, he saw clearly, spoke with directness and frank lucidity. A contractor said, "One word from Stephen Greene was worth hours of discussion with other men." Another, "It was one-third engineering and two-thirds knowing how to approach the trade." A man who had been his strong financial backer for years said, "Stephen Greene carried more assets in his face than any man I ever knew. If you can tell me of another such man I will go a good way to see him. I should like to know if I must correct my impressions in this matter." His face, a true index of his character, had much to do with his advancement. The face won attention, the character and ability behind the face then had a chance to put in their work. But here is a feature which must not be left unnoticed. In a letter written to me in November, 1899, he says: "My business next year will be limited only by my strength and the capacity of my office to carry it on. I am grateful for the privilege. *I pray for strength and wisdom to walk in the fear of God in my business.*"

He knew not only how to approach the trade, but how to treat those whom he employed. For every one who honestly tried to do his tasks well he had a feeling in which brotherhood nestled close to the relationship of employer. To his entire force he was accustomed to give an annual dinner and

entertainment of some kind, and all who knew him know it was the best. His show of good will was not perfunctory or an annual thing. He put it into his "good morning" every day. And to those to whom he was especially indebted, because of their superior skill, long service, and growing usefulness, he had other substantial ways of showing his appreciation. His aim was to make every client a friend, as that was the best advertisement, and to retain in his employ all excellent workers. He knew this secret to perfection.

But let me reach back and bring up into close fellowship with all this business side of his career the manifold phases of the other side: that touching home, church, friendship, educational, and benevolent activity. This latter side inspired the professional. In actual life they were not walled apart. He was always an entire man. Excellence at every point contributed to the richness of the whole. His religion got into his business; his business made itself felt in his religion.

For three months after moving his office to Boston his home was continued in Newburyport. That was too far away. Where shall he locate? To the problem he gave thorough study. He wanted to fix upon a location that would be right for years. Nearness to business, quiet church privileges, school advantages; all these were factors. He fixed upon Newton Centre, and in April, 1890, moved to a house on Gibbs Street. And when fairly settled there I never

heard him once give utterance to a shadow of regret. He fitted into the environment as a plant indigenous to the soil. Home always had a profound and tender meaning. He wanted his home to be as comfortable, as cheerful, as loving, as hospitable, as sacred a spot as he could possibly make it.

He wanted the best schools near by and a live church. L. C. Barnes was a pastor after his own heart. Many a time on a Monday morning have I listened to his account of the day before — something in the line of practical religion — which, you may be sure, did not lose anything in the recital. His office to me was often converted into a sounding-board, reproducing, in resonant echo, the good things of meetings South as well as North. The good things of the Sunday before were sure to be rehearsed with enthusiastic emphasis. He loved to work with a religious leader who had zeal and common sense. Virtually the church was an annex to his home. He no more thought of staying away from the services than from the dining-room.

He soon became Sunday school superintendent, and was also elected deacon. He was always enthusiastic in the beneficence of the church. As superintendent he led the school into special interest in the Bethel work, and if there happened to be no pastor it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to step out in front of the congregation, give his own generous pledge, and say, "Come, brethren, let us do a noble thing for the Missionary

Union" or "the Home Mission Society"; and the pledges were sure to come in such amounts as to make the secretaries' hearts rejoice. He understood he had a power, as layman, which ministers cannot have. It was at this time that he was beginning to get on to a financial basis where he could do what it was in his heart to do. Heretofore it was largely laying foundation; but all along even, it was not so much what he could actually give in dollars and cents, he could make himself into a key and unlock the hearts and pocket-books of richer men. He found delightful fellowship among his neighbors, and became an active member of the Neighbors' Club.

The year 1892 was an eventful one. On May 2d we all went to Thompson, Connecticut, to celebrate the golden wedding of father and mother. It was a double golden wedding, for Uncle Hiram and his wife were married at the same time. Stephen, then as usual, was in the center of things. His old home love was fed with that event. Again I read rhymes. He had suggested, and he led off in placing gold coin in the hands of mother, thought of whom in after years, especially when she was infirm, always breathed tenderness into his voice and moistened his eyes into brilliancy which all could easily interpret.

That summer he and his wife, with Mr. Denny and family, went to Europe. It was a reach out into the larger world. It was rest and recreation, but it was also an opportunity to study some of the

great manufactories of Old England. He coveted travel not simply as recreation, but to push the horizon of his life farther back.

It had been the desire of his heart some time to have a home of his own. It was in this same year that he began to build on Centre Street, where the home now stands. The family moved into it in May, 1893. Fortunately, a little while afterward, Commonwealth Boulevard was opened, and he found part of his estate fronting on that central thoroughfare. He loved the best well enough to give himself repeated congratulation on what turned out to be a better location than even he had anticipated. In this house Frederick Hartwell was born November 3d of that same year. Every baby brought rejuvenescence to the paternal heart. He loved to have his boys about him; and when they were so comfortably housed in such a community, why need the question come up so very early as to whether the two older boys should fit for college there or go away from home? Here came in the forward look he was always taking, "What will be the best in the end?"

He consulted not simply temporary pleasure or comfort. He felt that the boys would gain something in personal independence and resource in a good academy; and so Edwin and Harold had their preparation for Brown at Worcester. Did the father live in his boys? Let those answer who used to know him, who knew what he did for them, how feelingly



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and now and then with what pride he would speak of them.

What was he to me, when it became so easy to run into his office for a little chat! His heart was swift to come near my heart. "There was no other phrase to express it"; "The soul of Stephen was knit with the soul of Benjamin." There are few things better for a minister than to have a brother who, some people thought, might also be a minister, but who remained a layman, and did more good than two or three ordained men. Here is one of his refrains I shall never forget: "Ben, let yourself out." For a preacher to drop into such a brother's office is to "connect with the central." Here are the lines he once quoted to me with the emphasis of a prophet:

"It may not be my way;
It may not be thy way;
But yet, in His own way,
The Lord will provide."

And he believed it in every fibre of his being.

Optimistic talk in his office, in some respects, was like a shower-bath on an October morning, the dawn of a radiant day. He gave tonic, not "taffy." Older than he, at first I did a little counseling. I said: "Do not become a business machine. Keep in touch with what home and church gave you, and college life. If success comes, be a William E. Dodge kind of a man; strengthen and lengthen and widen the foundations of religion, education, benefi-

cence." I did not have to argue, urge. I found him already cherishing such high aims. I stood on Newton Hill, the day after he was buried, looked about me, and thanked God I saw his aims in part fulfilled.

As time went on and brought its changes, life's deeper levels came to view. Our companionships became greater, richer with experience. The national Baptist Anniversaries had almost a halo because we two could room together, or near each other, and reopen the hallowed conferences of brother hearts. What precious talks! Whatever room we were in, it was the anteroom of heaven. He would say, "O Ben, think of it! a few years ago we were in the little village, hemmed up in a corner. Think of what God has wrought." We knelt. We thanked God. As he rose from his knees he began to plan what he would do for others in more prosperous days. And now, these past five years, since we have been a thousand miles apart, we have learned anew the art of letter-writing. For me to put his name at the head of a sheet of paper invited a deep interior set of mental and emotional processes to begin their work. I can truly say that to think of him and write drew out the best my soul could find within itself.

His occasional visits, when on his way home from the South, visits preceded by telegram, made tense by their brevity, were something like the apparition under the oak at Mamre. The following is an extract from a letter written to him after such a visit in April, 1899. I give it because it belongs

to one of a few he sorted out as giving special joy: "Your visit was like riding up to a corner, country village store, where the post-office is kept, out of the shadowed road, in from the country farm, up to the lighted corner. How bright the light! How merry and jovial the voices of men and maidens waiting for the mail. In a little while every bit of stuff is given out. Conversation dies away in the distance. The shutters slam to their places. The key clicks in the lock. Dull footsteps are heard finding their way from the store level to home level. A little light lingers a bit upstairs, then that is put out. The once lighted corner stands out under a dark sky. All is still save now and then the stamp of the horse in the barn and a lonely bark of the dog at intervals. Just so. It makes a difference whether faces are turned toward you and you yourself are in the light, or whether, presto, backs are seen retreating and the lights go out. It is not exactly black midnight, but *we missed you*, as we always do when we must separate."

What a delight it was for him to take his brothers, his old-time college friends, like E. P. Farnham, Robert Martin, particularly some acquaintance in the midst of a struggle, to the Exchange Club or to Young's. There was furnished a repast which sometimes almost seemed let down from above, such a rich feast it was of good food and royal fellowship which made the soul surer of fulfilling heaven-set tasks.

Of course such a person was in demand, in special meetings, social functions, conventions, committee work. He was on important committees of the Boston Baptist Social Union, and became its president for the year 1893. He was always prompt, clear headed, fair in ruling, genial in manner. He considered the business of a presiding officer to preside. With a few well chosen words he presented speakers and business. He did not stand in the way, he was more like transparent plate-glass. For three years, beginning in 1897, he was the president of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. When his name is mentioned to-day among Baptist leaders from the Atlantic to the Pacific, men think and speak spontaneously of the nearness of his approach to the ideal in that situation.

During the period of his presidency of the Home Mission Society, at its meeting held in Detroit, he devoted his opening address to certain features of work which demanded closer co-ordination of the several denominational missionary organizations. His love for the work as a whole, his business instinct for comprehensive and economic methods prompted the address. He was the antipodes of a revolutionist. His whole object was to conserve the best and make it better. He was also voicing a growing sentiment. His candid presentation of the matter led to the appointment of a representative committee and, as well, to widespread discussion. He was elected chairman of the committee, and gave

to the work as he always did, the best that was in him. He spared neither time, labor, nor expense. The meeting at Springfield the following year was a disappointment and a severe tax on his already overworked nervous system. There was the same genial equipoise and calm lucidity of statement, but they had to be paid for in the quintessence of vitality. A vision of his face will, to the minds of some, hover over all future discussions of this subject.

The work he did for Newton Theological Institution will probably stand first outside of his business enterprises. Moving into close proximity, and being a man of practical affairs, especially in planning and construction, he was laid hold of with expectation at an opportune time. Every man living who was his associate for the last eight years will say he met that expectation and more. It fell into line with the ambition of his life to be useful to the cause of Christ in an educational way. He had brothers in the ministry, he had among his college mates bosom companions who were ministers. His pastors had been such as to keep his early love alive: B. O. True, Richard Montague, L. A. Pope, L. C. Barnes, E. Y. Mullins, E. D. Burr. He himself had been thought of as a possible preacher. Like some other laymen of that stamp, what he did for theological education was the choice spontaneity of his soul.

In 1896 mother died. Through the gateway of Granite Farm we boys again carried sacred dust to

its resting-place. I never think of her and him together but there comes to my mind a picture of the red, wide, easy couch which he, with tenderest thought, selected for comfort in her infirmity. In 1898 brother Albert died. Every thought of him to-day leads in an instant's flash to Stephen's quick advice and generous aid which made the venture of a Southern climate possible. It was these losses that helped deepen life's seriousness, and made family relationships take on a more hallowed tone. In a letter written to me after all was over, he said: "The memory of his conscientious work will be an inspiration to me as long as I live. We must close up the ranks and in our sympathy and feeling come, if possible, a little nearer together for the balance of the time that is left to us four."

In the summer vacation, 1900, we four brothers agreed to meet in Providence and take a trip we long had planned. We wanted once more to see the scenes of boyhood. We took cars to Phenix and there found horses in waiting. We saw the hilltop, where the old Baptist meeting-house used to stand. Then we went to Lippitt where father first "topped cards," to the mill at Harrisville where he became overseer, to the house where I was born. At Hope, Stephen begged the privilege of entering the cottage where he first saw light. How he towered and how his face shone in the small, low-ceiling room. The mother and the children then

living there who received his silver will remember that vision of a perfect gentleman to their dying day. Then we rode seven miles to the Island, North Scituate; saw the white school-house where he spoke his first piece, the drear-looking house where he lived forty-five years before, and the hole in the ground where the old water-wheel mournfully turned after the fire. What a day of flooding memories, suggestive contrasts, and fraternal fellowship.

Little did we know that that was the last time we four brothers would ride in happy companionship. Why should it be? Every friend who saw us remarked upon the solid health apparent. And certainly to look at Stephen's face, to note the firmness of his tread, to hear the resonance and rollick thrill in the tone of his voice one would say, health, victorious life for years to come. A few weeks later as one saw him, at East Alton, leading a service of song on Sunday afternoon one would repeat the verdict with emphasis. I see him now. He has just returned from church, leading a goodly company, partly by invitation and largely by contagion of geniality, to his summer home near by. The organ is rolled out on the veranda. Chairs are brought out, some from Louis Pope's, next door. There, overlooking Lake Winnepesaukee and the encircling mountains, his towering form, his radiant face, his musical, jubilant voice, led the company, and at the close when we sang

“I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above,”

he seemed almost transfigured. He was a Christian, he was a patriot, he was a singer, and standing there in his own home among his friends, in that beautiful region, singing “America,” he spontaneously lifted himself to an ecstasy of grateful exultation.

THE LAST YEAR OF WORK

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"Whatever any one does or says, I must be good; just as if the emerald were always saying this: Whatever any one does or says, I must be an emerald and keep my color." — MARCUS AURELIUS.

"As once he found himself among his toys, so now he plays a part in colossal systems, and his growth is declared in his ambition, his companions, and his performances. He looks like a piece of luck, but is a piece of causation." — EMERSON.

*"He could afford to suffer
With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came
That in our best experience he was rich,
And in the wisdom of our daily life."*

— WORDSWORTH.

X

THE LAST YEAR OF WORK

The last year of work opened auspiciously; but there was deep down in his feelings a growing sense that limitations of strength were now and then touched. It was vague, not definite enough for a conviction, certainly not serious enough to awaken apprehension. His good wife detected his need, and besought him to throw up a number of outside duties and cares; but he would so quickly rally from fatigue, his native buoyancy would so soon assert itself, and his heart was so wrapped up in the many good causes that he would push on, promising himself, in the near future, a good, long vacation. In his letters he admitted that dark, damp days and the approach of winter had more of an effect upon him than in former years. He sought in one way and another to keep in bodily trim. Here is what he wrote me a few months previous: "I'm getting a little extravagant. You will think so when I tell you that I have bought a new saddle-horse, and he is a beauty—a Kentucky horse with all the gaits, and some of them as easy as a cradle. I am going to try to have my liver shaken up periodically and get rid of sick headaches, and all other ills that my flesh is heir to." But the old story repeated itself in his case. Many a day the horse would

stand in the barn unused, while the master was wearing himself out with overwork.

In April, 1901, he writes: "I am as busy as ever, rushing from morning until night with committee meetings, commission meetings, and all sorts of meetings outside of business in the office." But he adds: "Our plans are maturing slowly; we hope to sail July 3d for Liverpool and spend our time largely in England. We hope to get two or three weeks in London, and the rest of the time making stops of several days in some quiet centers where we are in easy reach of interesting localities." Two outside things he especially desires faithfully to attend to before he departs, Newton endowment, commission on co-ordination. Both of these received his heart's blood. And in the midst of all this final rush came father's fatal illness. At first we knew not how the case would turn, but with June's advance it was made sure that the end was drawing near. This brought an added wrench to Stephen's heart. All plans for the tour had been made and berths engaged. Doctor and friends insisted that it was necessary that he should go. As often as he could he hurried down to Westerly for a brief stay; he did everything a son could do; not then only, he had been doing it all along. What troubled him beyond expression was to have the appearance of starting off for Europe and father dying in the old home. That question, however, settled itself. Father had his desire granted June 27th. Panting for breath gave way to the

easy breath of a child. Granite Farm gave way to heaven.

The last time I saw Stephen was that Saturday afternoon after the funeral. We said our farewell at the station, expecting to meet each other at the steamer in Boston on the following Wednesday. The losing of a train in Providence, the unprecedented heat of the day, combined to keep me from that looked-for privilege. It was one of the sorest disappointments of my life. When I afterward heard of his walking up and down the wharf amid the throng, and anxiously scanning the crowd from the steamer's deck to catch a view of my face my heart was sick. I have said many a time since, "O, that I had got there, if only in time to wave my hand to him in the distance, and let him know *once more* I loved him."

All his family, with the exception of Harold, went with him on this tour. Mr. Fred Hartwell, a long-time friend, and his family were also in the company. In the main, he carried out his program. However, in a letter written in London, August 19th, he says: "I was practically laid aside for a week in Buxton and Malvern, and felt miserable and very weak; I realize that I acted wisely in taking the rest, and I am sure I stopped none too soon. I trust the trip will do us all good, and that I shall return with renewed strength ready for the tasks that await me." The letter ends in this way: "We leave here September 2d, and go up through cathedral towns

to Edinburgh. Then a little stay in Scotland, and wind up in the English lake regions, and sail September 26th on the 'New England.' The second day of the voyage I will reach my fiftieth birthday. My! that seems old, but I do not feel old. Do you?"

Friends who met him in England after that week of illness, among them Dr. L. A. Crandall and wife of Chicago, judged from his looks, animation, and eagerness for a tramp that he must be in the best of health; but there was trouble lurking of a subtle form.

Here are a last few words in his "Notes, Summer 1901," a little book giving a condensed account of the three months' experiences: "Harold and Lillian met us at the steamer, also Mr. Harris. Oscar drove in, and we rode home in our own carriage, arriving at Newton Centre about 11:45. *Glad to get home.*" The underlining is his own.

FINAL HOME-COMING

*"Alas! How short life and how long art. I feel
as if I had just begun to understand how to write, and
the probability is I have very nearly done writing."*

—MACAULAY.

*"Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest."*

*"So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I know thee, what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old."*

—TENNYSON.

*"I say the tomb, which on the dead is shut,
Opens the heavenly hall;
And what we here for end of all things put
Is the first step of all."*

—VICTOR HUGO.

XI

FINAL HOME-COMING

Everybody was glad to have him return. Friends had sent flowers for every room downstairs. There was a beautiful basket of fruit; an immense basket of green corn came from a business friend who remembered with what lavish hand Stephen had been wont to send out garden gifts; cards and notes of welcome in profusion; while that day, and through the week, callers continued to shower them with their greetings. But probably that which touched him in the tenderest spot was this: in a few minutes after his arrival he went up with his wife to see the new desk which he had ordered. There it was in its beauty and largeness, while above it hung, for the first time to his vision, the speaking portrait of mother, brought from Granite Farm. He sat down, rolled back the top, and there he saw spread before him this statement:

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

RESOLUTION PASSED OCTOBER, 1901

This church learned with anxious hearts of the illness of our esteemed and loved brother Stephen Greene, during his absence this summer in England, and now, rejoicing in the knowledge that he is soon coming again to us in renewed health and strength, extends by formal vote its

cordial welcome to him and his household to their home and church, and express hereby the cordial love and appreciation in which he and his are held by all in its membership.

The clerk is hereby instructed to communicate this vote to Brother Greene upon his arrival at home.

F. H. HOVEY, Clerk.

He turned to his wife and said, "Why, do see this! I never knew the church to do anything like it before. Most people have to wait until they are dead and gone before appreciation is shown, but it has come to me in my lifetime." The members that passed that vote have rejoiced ever since that they did it and gave him joy.

He was somewhat wearied with the voyage and thought he would start in easily in business. He caught cold, however, and was kept at home for days together. I quote from a letter written me October 30th: "It seems a little ridiculous to take about a month to get over a three months' rest. I suppose, however, the real significance of the whole matter is, that while I thought I was thoroughly rested and completely well when I came home, my general health and vigor was not up to the standard, and when this little distemper got hold of me it got a pretty severe grip. The chief feature seemed to be that it affected my lung and heart action so that when I went upstairs or walked any distance it made me puff like a porpoise." He consulted specialists and tried to conform to every wise suggestion. They pronounced him subject to no organic disease. He

took rides in the carriage and on horseback. He wanted something to do, so he planned for the Sunday school, had the teachers invited to a conference and refreshments, worked on a program for a Christmas entertainment. The last Sunday, November 3d, he attended church and took charge of the Sunday school. That day also he gave a Bible to his youngest son, Hartwell, and wrote his name in it.

On the morning of November 6th the crisis came. He had on two or three occasions suffered from dizziness, but this proved to be the last. The nerves that govern the action of the heart lost control. During the day and far into the night his mind was perfectly clear. In addition to his own physician, Dr. Sylvester, his beloved brother Ray, a physician in Worcester, was a great comfort to him. They did all that love and skill could do. When Ray asked in the late evening, "How is your courage?" he looked up and said, with rallying vigor in the midst of his rapid breathing, "Good, if there's any chance." At last, early on Thursday morning, November 7, 1901, life left its earthly tenement quietly, instantly, as the flame of a candle goes out when smitten with a breath.

The day before, November 6th, was my birthday. I had been saying, sometimes in my heart, sometimes with my lips, "O, if *he* were here, as he was two years ago." Then I comforted myself: "A thousand miles away, but the old love is still there. Did I not have a letter from him last week, one

that could come from his heart alone? There are times ahead." I had not the least idea he was in so critical a condition. That night the branches were swaying in fierce winds. The leaves that could not rest were whirling and whirling under the window. Afterward, as I thought back, it seemed almost as though they did their best to keep me awake till the message came, but I fell asleep thinking the day had come to a finish and all was well. Just before midnight I learned as never before the truth there is in the statement, "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." O, those midnight hours, a thousand miles from his bedside!

The next morning after the second message came, entering upon the journey, my heart kept saying, "The East is in eclipse." The radiance of his face had meant so much in all home-coming. Whether cloud or sunshine hung over the speeding train it mattered not, he was at the journey's end. This time it was cloud all the way, but once while the train was winding through a valley in the gloom I looked up and saw a distant hilltop gleaming. Something seemed to say, "You are here in the shadow, he is there in the light."

But in spite of telegrams, as I approached old scenes, it seemed as though he must be in them. He was not at the station or the doorstep. Instead, a group of faces inside were waiting to be comforted. I went in and waited with them. All the immediate family were there, and precious ones at such season

had begun to come. It was indeed a house of mourning, but also of precious memories, Christian hope, and bravery. The suddenness of the issue, however, gave a stunning blow. We seemed sometimes to be in a daze. We could not help feeling that we must see his form coming down the stairway. But there on the piano, just as he left it, was "Songs of Praise" open at the 144th page. Our attention was called to it. On Tuesday night, the second before his departure, he played through all the stanzas of the hymn, "O, for a closer walk with God," humming the lines in low voice. Such recitals as these would bring us to ourselves in sad reality.

Saturday, November 9th, was the day of burial. The sky was leaden. While the chimes of the church filled the chill air with the melody of familiar sacred strains, between 1:30 and 2 o'clock, a large company of sorrowing friends were gathering; business men from all parts of New England, from the South and the West; educators from the leading Baptist schools of New England; officers of many corporations of which he was director, and of social organizations to which he belonged; the entire Sunday school of the First Baptist Church, together with all the officers of the church, and many members; friends and acquaintances in Newton Centre and vicinity.

The funeral service was simple and impressive; not a word of eulogy, but the Scripture selections,

freshly chosen and feelingly read by the pastor, Rev. E. D. Burr, kept falling into silent, sobbing hearts with marvelous suggestiveness and comfort. In the reading of the most luminous passages there was no suggestion of jarring contrast, but rather of beautiful fulfillment. The selections sung were those in which his soul had often found sweet comfort, "Lead, Kindly Light," "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," "Abide with Me." During the prayer of his classmate, Rev. E. P. Farnham, we all felt the mighty load under which he staggered, and through the victory that gave him calm, we found our souls quieted in eternal hope.

We leave the church and the larger throng. Those nearest the beloved go with the precious form to burial. As we enter Newton Cemetery, just as the clouds begin to weep, we see walking by our side a company of fifty of the office employees, and as we recognize among them faces we had seen associated with him in his strength, another deep wave overwhelmed us. We reach our journey's end. The fresh turned soil is covered with boughs. Exquisite flowers are in overflowing abundance; but nothing can hide the one great fact that brought us here. We bow our heads and hear again the words of Scripture and immortal hope. 'Mid falling tears and falling rain we turn our faces toward homes that will forever after be different from what they were when his living face brought light.

NOVEMBER—WINTER—JUNE

" I sat stone still, let time run over me."

" Let us leave God alone.

Why should I doubt he will explain in time

What I feel now but fail to find the words."

—BROWNING.

" Whatever way my days decline,

I felt and feel, though left alone,

His being working in mine own,

The footsteps of his life in mine."

—TENNYSON.

XII

NOVEMBER—WINTER—JUNE

After this stretch of time I stand again on sacred soil. Then it was near the edge of winter. The clouds dropped tears as we stood that afternoon massed in circle round the open grave. It was cold and drear. Words of comfort and of hope were read, and we did mount in faith with that spirit in us which has wings; but our human hearts which had responded so many years to this form and face felt the suffocation of the burial. That night the cold, which chilled the tender flowers, the large floral guard standing sentinel, we could not help but feel, as we thought of him out there under the roses.

Now, it is June again. Winter has passed with its frost, and storms of snow and wind, and its long nights. Through all those days and nights our hearts have lived, recovering equipoise, gaining for our affection something of the serenity our judgment always felt. All through the winter, what an aftermath of testimonial, the country over!

Here I stand, in June, at his grave; it is the spot of his own selection the year before, side by side with that of Vinal, whom he loved; a gentle slope of green, looking to north and west, and catching the last rays of the setting sun. No noise of traffic reaches here. There is the quiet rustle of elm

and maple, now and then the musical note of a bird and the flash of a wing. In front, on the mirror surface of still water, spanned by a rustic bridge, insects are spinning their ephemeral career, miniature object lesson of life's swift passage; back a little, up the slope, is a circle of plants resplendent in bloom, flowers not cut when tears are falling, but still alive, growing more beautiful out of the perennial life and love of God; there is evergreen to speak of immortality; and in the midst of all, two beautiful, white-robed trees of stately birch, which seem to bring the angel message: "He is not buried here. His body rests from labor, it is true, and the place is dear; but he lives, he lives the life on high."

Standing there in the sunlight and quiet by the little mound, memory doing its magic work, the heart says, "Yes; his climax—wish and prayer have found fulfillment, completest answer." This was his wish and prayer, as voiced in these stanzas quoted at the close of his address at Detroit:

THE JOY OF LIVING

"O, give me the joy of living,
And some glorious work to do:
A spirit of thanksgiving,
With loyal heart and true;
Some pathway to make brighter,
Where tired feet now stray;
Some burden to make lighter
While 't is day.

“O, give me the joy of living,
In the world where God lives, too;
And the blessed power of giving,
Where men have so much to do;
Let me strive where men are striving,
And help them up the steep;
May the trees I plant be thriving
While I sleep.

“On the fields of the Master gleaning,
May my heart and hands be strong;
Let me know life's deepest meaning,
Let me sing life's sweetest song;
With some faithful heart to love me,
Let me nobly do my best;
And at last, with heaven above me,
Let me rest.”

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

*"All is over and done;
Render thanks to the Giver."*

— TENNYSON.

"He had a face like a benediction."

— CERVANTES.

*"It must oft fall out
That one whose labor perfects any work,
Shall rise from it with eyes so worn that he
Of all men least can measure the extent
Of what he has accomplished."*

— BROWNING.

XIII

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

On Tuesday evening, November 19, 1901, a memorial service was held in the First Baptist Church in Newton Centre. It was largely attended by representative people from near and far. The five addresses of the evening are here given very nearly in full, together with a communication intended for the service; also an address given at the Boston Baptist Social Union, and still another delivered before the alumni of the Newton Theological Institution :

THE CHURCH AND THE NOBLEST MANHOOD

ADDRESS BY REV. EVERETT D. BURR

Pastor of Newton Centre Baptist Church

We do honor to-night to a noble life, which has been spelling out the mysteries of God and translating the love of God. His beautiful soul suggested God as the shining in the still waters at night makes us instantly aware that a star is above us. We do not need to look at it, we know it is there. So good, so pure, so self-sacrificing, his aim and spirit were so in harmony with eternal life he seemed to bring eternity with him and make time seem a part of it.

We know righteousness to be immutable and sovereign, because we have had so superb an illustration of righteousness. He did not need to contend for his faith, his life

interpreted and unfolded his faith. He saw God in the Scriptures and read and copied his law into that stainless life of his which sunned and shamed us all. He saw God in suns and storms, in clouds and sunsets, on mountain and sea, in woodland and meadow; in the days of spring, full of bloom and beauty; in the autumn, rich with haze and mist; his life was a song; he gave the flower and fruit of his life to the world. In the words of Thoreau, "His goodness was not a transitory act, but a constant superfluity, of which he was unconscious." He imparted his courage, and not his despair, his health and help, not his pain. His helpfulness was exhaled like a fragrance. Christ was to him the interpreter of nature as of the Scriptures and of life.

Stephen Greene lived with Christ. He journeyed with Christ in ministering to the poor and blessing the children; went with Christ into the mountain to pray; sat with the eager multitudes and heard Christ preach; marveled with the hushed throng at his miracles. He made Christ's tireless zeal to do good and be kind his great ideal. He marked Christ's unflagging energy to relieve the widow's need and soothe the orphan's grief. He saw Christ's infinite majesty under pressure of undeserved abuse; he saw in turn the tender compassion, the considerate charity, the undisturbed meekness, the clear devotion to truth, the bending obedience of his powerful will. He watched the measureless repose of power and the grandeur of Christ's single-hearted fidelity to purpose. Each grace and each beauty of that faultless presence of Christ came more and more frequently into view.

The beloved well-known form of his Master passed often before our brother's eyes. He grew alert to catch signs of the coming of Christ. His loving heart watched



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for that coming more than they that watch for the morning. With the maturing years he saw his Master ever clearer, ever nearer, until beholding the glory of the Lord he was changed into the same image, from glory to glory. The wish and the yearning became a prayer "Oh, that I might be like Thee!" That prayer had a continuous answer. We saw him grow in grace and in the knowledge of God. We noticed his increasing Christliness. He was always inspired with highest hope, fired by purest honor. With self subdued, he grasped with swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will. Our beloved was a son of God. It had not yet appeared what he should be, but we know now that the vision is complete, he is like Christ for he has seen him as he is. He has come unto the perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

Such a character is matured in the Christian faith; such a life is lived in the Christian church. The proof of Christianity is a Christian. The demonstration of the power of Christ's church as a birthplace of manhood is such a life, which found its help in the sanctuary and was strengthened out of Zion.

Stephen Greene's life reads like the Eighty-seventh Psalm:

"His foundation is in the holy mountains. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion. The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there. All my springs are in thee."

His manhood was like the church in which he had his birth, to which he gave his untiring service. It is a cathedral of character into which we have come to-night. Here is the long nave of holy volition, where he found the will

of God. Here purposes were formed, decisions made, choices determined, aims selected, intentions fixed. He loved the will of God; it was the strength of his life. Yonder the transept where thought matured, where ideals appeared, and aspirations were awakened, where mind was broadened, convictions established, hopes aroused, reason enthroned. Again and counter to it another transept, of the heart, where sentiment was refined, sympathies were deepened, charity enlarged, love purified. Above all, beyond all, illuminating all, the chancel, where the man of God with uplifted face held immediate converse with the Lord, where law was revealed, righteousness expounded, and conscience found her throne; the inner sanctuary of soul, where dwells the high altar, the Shekinah, the Cherubim, and the Ark of the Covenant, the presence chamber of the King.

Beside the greater building, yet integral parts of the larger whole, there were chapels for philanthropy, for education, for missions, for civic service; and through all there glowed the light of the divine presence; in all was heard the rhythm of hopeful song and the hushed murmur of fervent prayer.

Stephen Greene was himself a temple of God, by his manifold ministries giving the life of God to the world. The last church service he attended was the communion of the Lord's body. That service was a fitting consummation of the life which was itself one sweet communion, one holy sacrament.

In the memories of that last hour, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will have a new meaning to us all, as we say with him:

“Thy cup, O Christ, I take with trembling hand,
Remembering Thee, whose blessed life it gave
In self-abasing love a world to save :
Save me, O Christ, though meritless I stand.

Thy cup, O Christ, I take, and pledge again
My life's best wine, sun-mellowed by thy grace,
And trodden in the purple press of pain,
Too poor a vintage on thy board to place.

“Thy cup, O Christ, I take, and humbly pour
My mingled love and thine the world to bless ;
O miracle that my unworthiness
Thy worth transmutes into a priceless store !

Thy cup, O Christ, I take for that great feast
Of life, thy deathless love shall one day spread ;
And drink the Eucharist of pain surceased,
And see Thee, King, with victory garlanded.”

THE CHRISTIAN BUSINESS MAN

MR. J. W. DANIELSON

Of Providence, Rhode Island

Stephen Greene has been my intimate friend for nearly twenty years. We have been together often; have traveled many thousand miles together. He was a dear friend and a true man. There are many mourners throughout this land to-day. Many business men knew Mr. Greene as an upright business man, and had great affection for him because of his noble qualities and his sincere life. On that sad Saturday afternoon in this room were many business men. I saw quite a number of them afterwards, and they gave evidence that they were sincere mourners on account of the death of this noble man. One man who

was in sorrow and could hardly express himself, said, "It is a great loss to the business community. It is a great loss to me, for whenever he visited me I felt that I was a better man. His influence was something wonderful."

Mr. Greene, after the death of Mr. Lockwood, my father-in-law, desired that the name of the latter might be continued in the firm. Mr. Lockwood's family gladly consented that there should be no change, showing their respect for Mr. Greene in their willingness that Mr. Lockwood's name should be used after his death as it was before.

The more one thinks of the success of Mr. Greene as a mill architect and engineer since the death of his partner, Mr. Lockwood, in 1884, the more remarkable it seems. Small at first, the business steadily increased until it reached such large proportions that it was of itself a sufficient tax upon his strength without the burdens which he so willingly accepted in other directions. The field of his labors reached from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and the work done by him was enormous. This he undertook not entirely for his own personal gain, but because he was especially interested in improving the condition of the poorer people of the Southern States, where so large a part of the results of his labors are to be found in scattered manufacturing villages. It is safe to say that the number of persons in the South alone directly benefited through these efforts would, if gathered together, make a city larger than the present city of Providence, with its 175,000 inhabitants. Many of these industrial enterprises will long remain as monuments to Mr. Greene's wisdom as a philanthropist, as well as to his sagacity as a business man, and he was able to accomplish so much

because of his great business capacity, culture, and ability to deal with men.

Mr. Greene's personality was remarkably strong and effective. He drew men to himself by his cordial and courteous manner, and he retained the confidence of his clients and business friends by his unquestioned honesty and faithfulness. He was often called upon to arbitrate in the settlement of differences between contracting parties, and his decisions were uniformly just.

During the last few years great changes have taken place in textile machinery and the development of power. Mr. Greene was a progressive man, and readily accepted what seemed to him to have merit, not rejecting anything because it was new, nor accepting it because it was new, but carefully investigated and proved its worth. In Mr. Greene's death, the business community has lost a man of proved ability in his profession, a man of strictest integrity, and above all, a Christian gentleman.

THE FRIEND OF EDUCATION

PRESIDENT NATHAN E. WOOD, D.D.,

President of Newton Theological Institution

I think if Stephen Greene could speak to us to-night he would silence all of us and bid us not to exhibit those deeds of his and those influences of his which he thought only God and himself knew. And yet it is not possible to restrain us, for his death is a personal loss to everyone of us. A gentleman on the street here yesterday, with whom he had only a slight business relation, said, "I have lost the best friend I had." I think there are multitudes of men who would say the same thing, not that they were neces-

sarily intimately related to him in business or in social ways, but because they felt that somehow they knew a man who was a genuine man and who could be counted on in time of need.

There is a notion that a man's success depends upon the singleness of his aim, and that in order to have intensity of life and to have success in life one must go along very narrow lines. Surely Mr. Greene was an illustration of the falsity of that idea. I never thought of him as a projectile although he went straight as an arrow to the mark. I thought of him rather as a sun giving out light and heat and drawing men to himself and giving a sense of geniality and strength and courage and help to all about him.

He had a multitude of interests; possibly no one of us could speak from experience with him of all his varied interests. I have been associated with him in the work in city missions. I have been associated with him officially in the work connected with state missions, with the work of home missions, and I have often had consultations with him in regard to the work of foreign missions. You know his deep interest in Sunday schools. I know his deep interest in education. Indeed, I do not know of any good work in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ for the helping of men that did not appeal intensely to Stephen Greene. His heart went out to every good work, and not only did his heart go out, but he put himself into it. I am not to speak of those other spheres of his activity, but simply of him as a friend of education.

There are four sorts of men interested in education, possibly more, but surely four. There are the men who are critical. They are interested in education theoretically. They feel a deep concern in the schools of the town, in

the academy, the college, and the seminary, but all the while their interest stops with criticism, suggesting how this might be different, or how men who are concerned in management might do differently, and feel that their work in life is done as a friend of education in the critical aspects of their duty toward education.

There are also men who are theoretically interested in education. They believe in it, they believe in the culture which it brings into the community and into the individual life, but they do not bring any of their time or their business sagacity or their money or influence to the positive and direct upbuilding of the schools of learning.

Then there are the conservative friends of education. I have often thought that many trustees of schools—I have known many first and last—felt that their whole duty was done when they put brakes on educational enterprises. Stephen Greene always wanted to put on steam. He was saying always, "Let us do something. Let us bring something to pass, not merely conserve and nurture and hold the little we have, but let us do something." How many times I have heard him say that. I can hear his voice now as I speak, saying in boards of trustees, "Let us bring something to pass. Are we going to do something? Do something." I think that was a favorite expression of his, and it was eminently characteristic of his life.

Then there is a fourth class of friends of education—the intelligent class. I think he belonged to that, and by intelligence I mean a man who looks broadly, sees the faults, sees the excellence, sees the value, sees the power, and puts himself as Christ's friend and as the friend of education into the pushing forward of educational enterprises and the establishing of them on firm basis.

It was in the year 1893, I think, at the annual meeting of the trustees in June of that year that Mr. Greene became a trustee of the Newton Theological Institution. There is a history connected with it. I do not know all the details of it, but I know some of it. It so chanced that both he and I came into this region about the same time, and the instant I saw him I felt that I had met a man, and I said to him, "You ought to settle with me. You ought to come where you can be my helper." Laughingly I said it. He said, "No, I have a work to do. I am going to Newton Centre." I did not know clearly what that work was when he said it, but I now think, and I have reason to think, that he had fixed his eye upon this institution of learning on the hill, that he had become interested in it in various ways, possibly through his brother, who was an alumnus, or through his own broad, Christian intelligence, of the value of this sort of a school, but at any rate I think he had fixed his mind upon it. So, in June, 1893, he became a trustee, and it was in the following December you find him appointed on a building committee. That was characteristic of Stephen Greene. Only a few months. He soon became the chairman of it, because it was his right to be the chairman. It was in the following spring, in March, I think, that he became the chairman of it, and it was in August of the year 1894 that the contract for the Hills Library was let, and more due to Stephen Greene perhaps than to any other man is it that we have that beautiful library building on the hill.

But another characteristic came out in that enterprise. When he began to study the situation for a library he began to see other necessities, and he said, "Let us do a large thing. Why should we do a small thing?" and so straight-

way he began to study the heating apparatus on the hill, and he said, "Let us have a power plant," and it was only from August to October until that matter took form and shape in his heart and mind and he persuaded the trustees to let him contract for a heating plant.

But he was not content. It was only a little later that he was made chairman of the committee for the rebuilding of Farwell Hall, and he pushed that through in 1898, and he said, "Not only must we have this, but we must have a new chapel," and he became chairman of the building committee to push that through, and the new chapel is a monument of his patient industry and skill.

And in the year 1900, just passed, he was the chairman of the building committee for the president's house, and for that beautiful little well-house we have on the hill, the chairman of the committee on buildings and grounds, and took the lead in plans and arrangements for renovating and beautifying the hill. Indeed, I used to think sometimes, especially as I came to know in these last years of his life, that he ate and drank and lived and slept with the Newton Theological Institution, he carried it so upon his heart, and I cannot yet think but he will come up on the hill as I have seen him so many times to look over the improvements and see how we are getting on up there. There are trustees and trustees, but this was a trustee who believed in education to the extent of putting his heart and his brain and his consecrated life and his energy and his money into it. How many times I have seen him in our boards of conference when the way seemed hedged and there were difficulties, and always men to put on brakes and to speak discouragingly, and say, "We can't do this," how many times I have seen him rise with that magnificent

Christian optimism of his and say, "Brethren, we can do it. We will do it." I hardly know who is to take his place. His optimism was not all of nature. It was largely because he believed in God, and that these enterprises were the enterprises of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, and believing that, he believed that they could not fail and that the man who was linked with them in Christ's name should carry them through to success.

His interest in these later years widened, as you might guess it would, and he became profoundly interested in Brown University and was a trustee. He became interested in the Worcester Academy and was an official member of that institution, and to be an official member or an institution of learning was something more than officialness with Stephen Greene. It meant that he gave it his thought and his time and his money. Whatever he undertook to do he did with his might.

There are certain names that we speak very familiarly on the hill. There is not any day from the time the term opens in September until it closes in June when certain names are not spoken over and over again. Colby Hall, in honor of a noble man, a member of this church; Farwell, Farwell Hall, spoken so many times in honor of that man so long ago, who, much like Stephen Greene, gave his love and his time and his money for the institution on the hill; the Hills Library, Sturtevant Hall; those names are spoken by professors and students constantly in our daily intercourse. I wish some friend of Stephen Greene would put upon that hill a building that in all the years to come should be known as Greene Hall, that we might speak his name as we speak these other names.

THE MISSIONARY IDEAL

REV. E. P. FARNHAM,

Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Salem, Massachusetts

I have been asked to speak of Stephen Greene as a fellow-helper of the truth in Christian missions.

First of all, we must be sure that we know the spirit of the man, else we shall do him or his associates, or some special phase of the great cause of missions, serious injustice. Beyond a doubt, Stephen Greene was cast in a large mold. His was a broad, generous nature, a great, sympathetic heart, a wide vision, judicial mind.

One of the leading cotton-mill manufacturers of New England said to me, with moist eyes, on the day of Mr. Greene's departure from us, "You will understand me, Mr. Farnham, there are many good men. Mr. Greene was a good man, but he was more than that; he was a big man. He had such a broad, tolerant mind. There were few like him. We trusted him absolutely in everything."

One of the most extensive contractors and builders in this vicinity, one who has had close business relations with Mr. Greene for years, said to me the other day, "In the different relationships of mill architect and mill contractor there has never been any controversy between us. It was understood that in carrying out the designs of his office in mill construction Mr. Greene would never be satisfied with anything less than what was right, and that he would never take advantage."

In seeking to furnish accurate estimate of the character of the man, of the spirit that ruled him, I may be permitted to give my personal tribute. I have known Stephen Greene as intimately and confidingly as an own brother

for thirty-one years. In the college class-room, in the quest for a true woman's heart, in the reciprocal ministries of true love, in a beautiful home life for more than a quarter of a century, in the long years of industrious and patient plodding with the goal of life far beyond his reach, but evermore in clear perspective, in heroic self-denial, and under limitations that chafed but never embittered him, in the widening spheres of opportunity and increasing power and acknowledged triumph, when rich harvests from previous toil were garnered, and honors were cast thick upon him, I have seen him endure with an almost supernatural patience and poise blows and burdens that would have crushed a less manly soul. But through the years I have never known him to indulge in narrow views of men or things, whether the problem submitted to him pertained to the kingdoms of earth or heaven.

Stephen Greene was not built in sections with fire-proof partitions shutting in or shutting out any function of his great soul. His whole being seemed to be illumined with clear light and to be permeated with genial warmth. He was delighted with a certain characterization found in Virgil, and if I mistake not, sent it as a daily reminder to two boys in whom he was greatly interested, who were at the time his attention was called to it pursuing courses of study at Worcester Academy. This was it, "*Totus in illis*"; the whole man in these things. That was Stephen Greene. The whole man in whatever claimed his attention, whether it was a white head of celery in his garden or a cotton-mill in Maine or in South Carolina, a class of boys in the Sunday school or a theological seminary on Newton Hill, looking out on the needs of a whole world, a mission station to be manned and supported in the North End of Boston or in

- North Dakota or western China, or may be an important annual meeting to be attended and presided over at Rochester or Detroit or San Francisco, you had your whole man for service in whatever service summoned Stephen Greene. That was his relationship to world-wide missions. Whatever there was in him was yours. He took his whole mind and heart with him to his tasks.

I shall never forget a conversation at his office a few days before the annual meetings were to be held at San Francisco, where he was expected to preside; it was positively the most trying season of the year for him to leave his business engagements; new work was pressing upon him, demands were arising for his presence in different parts of the country; I said to him, "You ought not to bear this strain. You must not think of going to San Francisco to be absent ten or twelve days." His response was, "I shall go. I am not the man to accept the honor of such an appointment as this and then shirk its chief duty." At the last hour it was impossible for him, I think, to break away from his engagements, but he fully intended and planned to make the sacrifice.

It is true he was president for three years of our American Baptist Home Mission Society, but he was never known as a home mission or a foreign mission society man. He was larger than both these designations. He protested against the use of them. Missions at home and in foreign parts expressed to his mind a more just and desired meaning. He could have presided with equal grace and with equal heartiness at a home mission meeting in the morning, at a foreign mission in the afternoon, and have made addresses on state missions and city missions in the evening of the same day, and then have attended an after-

meeting that he might come in personal touch with some soul who was honestly seeking to know Jesus Christ. If I mistake not, this was the spirit of the man; this was the measure of our brother's relationship to all missionary and to all Christian enterprises. He was a devout and loyal steward of Almighty God, seeking faithfully to give the net profit of his life to the ushering in of the divine kingdom on the round globe. In all truly Christian instrumentalities he discovered intelligent and co-operative means to a common end. He did not need to be aroused by his pastor every Sunday morning to these potent facts. Stephen Greene was as great an inspiration to his pastor as any pastor could be to Stephen Greene. What an alert mind, and what a great, sympathetic heart.

“High nature, amorous of the good,
But touched with no ascetic gloom,
And passion pure in snowy bloom
Through all the years of April blood,
And manhood fused with female grace.
In such a sort the child would twine
A trustful hand unasked in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face.”

He had a perfect vision to see that the boy who was converted in his Sunday school to-day, in swiftly succeeding weeks and years might be pursuing courses of study at Worcester Academy and Brown University and Newton Theological Institution, that he might be ordained in Massachusetts to preach the gospel, and in a few months receive an appointment as a colporteur or home missionary in Mexico or Oklahoma, and the following year be sent out by our Missionary Union to reveal Jesus Christ to men in western China; and I verily believe that if that same

young man had foolishly decided to study theology in the remote districts of Pennsylvania or New York, Mr. Greene would have maintained his Christian equilibrium without a struggle.

These complications did not trouble him. He looked down upon them from a serene height, and he saw through them. He knew from divine inspiration that the field is the world, and that all human forces properly allied with each other are allied also in a divine co-partnership.

In his early Christian life he had appropriated the great Apostle's definition of the true missionary spirit. I would not wonder at all if Deacon Alvin Greene and that true Christian mother, Maria Greene, who have welcomed him now to the heavenly home, godly parents of five noble boys who have grown to manhood, I would not wonder at all if these parents were responsible for the interpretation to all these boys of the New Testament doctrine of world-wide missions. As we have been put in trust with the gospel, so we speak; as we have been ministered unto, so will we minister; as we have received the gospel, so will we give the gospel to earth's remotest bounds.

He could not be persuaded to attach unequal and partial values to divinely appointed and accredited methods of leading men into the knowledge and service of the Son of God. It was his nature to yield generous appreciation to whatever agency God had appointed for the promotion of his cause. With an alert mind, with keen business aptitude, developed by years of patient business training and achievement as he came into a fuller knowledge of church and mission work, it was inevitable that he should deplore needless waste of efficiency and power in the complication of agencies and the overlapping of forces employed. Hence

his eager service in attempting to simplify methods and agencies.

It is needful at this point to utter but the briefest word, and yet I am sure that word will be welcomed. His labor in these matters—and only those who stood nearest to him can know what a draft it made upon his overtaxed vitality—his labor was simply the expression of his unselfish and ingenuous nature applying well-attested business principles to great spiritual problems.

It need not have been a surprise to any one that he refused utterly to employ diplomacy and artfulness in engineering through any favorite scheme to a triumphant issue. There were at least three reasons why he did not and could not. He had no favorite scheme to engineer through. He had no personal ambitions or ends to gain. He felt not the slightest demand upon him for the use of diplomacy in these matters. If measures that commended themselves to his business judgment and to his world-wide interest in the conquest of this world for Jesus Christ could not be accepted on their face value Stephen Greene was done. He was simple and great-minded enough to desire the practical unification of all Christian forces among us for the redemption of this world unto God. In all this he desired not one thing for himself. His only wish was to see the best methods inaugurated to secure the best ends.

I have said nothing of Mr. Greene as a generous giver to the cause of missions or to Christian causes; it has been implied. I am sure his ideals of Christian stewardship were applied to all his resources, material and spiritual. He gave as he loved, gladly and freely and increasingly, with increasing ability.

We are tempted to say that he made one serious mis-

take, that he burned out his life all too swiftly, and that he ought not to have assumed so many burdens. If this be true then his brethren ought to have shared more manfully his burdens with him. We ought not to have permitted such a heavy load to be put upon one pair of shoulders and upon one brave heart.

Are we really wishing now to build a worthy memorial to the character and influence of this man of God? May I tell you what I think it ought to be? and the carrying out of the suggestion of President Wood will only be one expression of it; not a shaft of marble certainly, nor even of enduring granite from his early Rhode Island home, not a series of resolutions though framed in choicest language and engrossed in gold, but this rather, and the pastors who loved him and the laymen who loved him can help build it together, the memorial in our individual lives and in the lives of our children of such ideals as he cherished, to be more intimately and faithfully cherished by us.

If we would honor him truly, let us vie together to advance the manifold interests he so dearly loved. Let us carry on to completion the equipment and endowment of these truly beneficent institutions of learning. Let us seek to make every one of our churches and Sunday schools broadly and enthusiastically missionary in the deepest sense. Let us each seek to be more ideal stewards of Jesus Christ, thus perpetuating in the earth the personal power and efficiency of one whom so many of us love to call our ideal layman.

His stay with us and his going from us will be truly memorialized, if as brethren, as sons of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, we come into closer touch with each other, and let this old world know that henceforth it

is our chief concern, as it was his, to reveal the Son of God to the sons of men, and to establish the kingdom of righteousness and peace in the earth.

Such a man was Stephen Greene.

REV. EVERETT D. BURR

A telegram received to-day from one whose voice should be heard, reads after this wise: "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! Oh, Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan." Signed by Dr. Benjamin A. Greene, of Evanston, Illinois.

A BAPTIST OF THE NEW ERA

W. H. P. FAUNCE, D. D.,

President of Brown University

Twenty-five years ago this month I stumbled as a college freshman into the Bible class of Stephen Greene in the Central Baptist Church in Providence. That bright blue eye, that mellow voice, that winning smile, that strong hand-grasp, drew me then, and in all the years since, we have walked together.

What sort of period have these twenty-five years been, and what has been his contribution to them? Have they been like all the other quarter-centuries of the world's history, or are we right when we say that in these years the world has been transfigured industrially, socially, educationally, religiously?

The difference between David's harp of solemn sound

and Beethoven's spinet is not so great as the difference between the spinet and the modern organ. A metropolitan journal of highest character has recently celebrated its one hundredth anniversary, and the editor quietly states that the difference between the first issue and the last is hardly greater than the difference between the issue of twenty years ago and that of to-day.

The human advance from the ships of the Phœnicians to the "Great Eastern" is not so great as the advance from the "Great Eastern" to the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." The progress from the chariot of Nero to the English stage-coach is not so great as the progress from the stage-coach to the Empire State Express. The college of two hundred years ago was essentially the same thing as the college of twenty years ago. The college of twenty years ago has small resemblance to the college of to-day.

The views of life and death and eternity and human duty shared by John Milton are the same as those of President Finney. The distance from Milton, or even from Dante to Finney, is less than the distance from Finney to Henry Drummond. This is the period in which Stephen Greene has lived.

Now, the question that is asked concerning every man in our generation who has passed into the unseen—the question which will be asked a few years from now—it may be a few days from now—of each one of us, will be, What was his attitude toward the sweep and tendency of his time? As he saw these swift changes coming like waves of the sea, following one another when the tide sweeps up the coast, did he shrink and cower before them, as if every wave was a foe let loose by the arch fiend, or did he see Him who sitteth on the flood as king forever?

You all know the answer if we ask that question of Stephen Greene. He possessed the perfect love that casteth out fear. He never dreaded the age in which he lived; he loved it; he shared it; he interpreted and guided it. Whoever talked with him for half an hour, for five minutes, knew that he had found the central peace, that that life so full of perplexities and complexities and enterprises and interests and problems was a life whose center was at rest, and on whose head had settled eternal sunshine.

That is a pitiful phrase in Ecclesiastes which describes old age: "They shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way." When we are afraid of that which is high we are old men, whether we be seventy or seventeen. When fears are in the way of trustees and churches, when fears are in the way of missions and education, we are old men, all of us, and ought to leave the stage. Fears never held back Stephen Greene. He loved that which was high; his voice was the bugle call as he scaled the heights and called on us to follow. He never ceased to grow intellectually; his mind never crystallized into that fatal fixity which is holding back the church of God to-day more than anything else. His mind never ceased to expand sympathetically.

Whenever he came to Providence he would come to us and say, "Have you got any promising young men in your graduating class? I want to know them; I have good places for some of them," and he picked out year after year those bright young men and took them with him and made them believe what he believed of possibility and opportunity. Then one great cause after another was laid upon his heart; one great appeal after another of human cry and human need was laid upon that great heart until

at last it ceased to beat. He believed that Christianity, the oldest of all things in the world in its motive, is the newest of all things in its method.

I have thought of what Mr. Stead says of James Russell Lowell, "He taught me how to hitch on the newest philanthropy to the old, old story of Calvary." Stephen Greene hitched on the newest method, the latest philanthropic educational device; I will not say he hitched it on, I will say he made it to blossom out of the old, old story of Calvary. And the secret of it all, what was it? I believe the secret of it all was his unswerving devotion to Jesus Christ, our Lord. When a man has anchored himself to Jesus Christ, he can then be prepared for the vicissitude and complexity of all our modern life.

If we make self pre-eminent our life is pagan; if we make some ancient creed or liturgy pre-eminent our life is but half Christian. In all things He must have the pre-eminence, the Son of Mary, Son of God, the fulness of the Father in whom dwelt the divine bodily. He had the pre-eminence in the life of Stephen Greene. That is the secret of the fixity of its motive and the versatility of its method.

Dear friends, I know we are better for having sat here together to-night. May that voice not cease to summon us onward and upward; may that message of sympathy with one's own era of faith in the modern working of ancient Providence come home to our hearts and our lives, and then some day,

"Love will dream and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

A FRIEND OF THE SOUTH**REV. HENRY L. MOREHOUSE, D. D.,***Field Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society*

On Sunday night, in the city of Atlanta, at the closing service of the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of Spellman Seminary, in the large and beautiful chapel of Rockefeller Hall, furnished and adorned by Rev. William Howe, whom you all know, a large concourse of people, consisting of the faculty, members, trustees of the institution, visiting friends, students, and others, by formal vote expressed their sorrow at the loss of Mr. Stephen Greene, a member of the board of trustees of that institution, and authorized me to express to his kindred and household their sympathy in their great bereavement.

Similar expression I bear from the American Baptist Home Mission Society, whose vice-president he was for three years, whose president he was for three years, whose memorable address at Detroit marked perhaps an era in the organized activities of our denominational work.

In confirmation of what has been said here concerning the estimation in which he was held in the South, I may say that on my trip to Atlanta a week ago, picking up casually a newspaper of North Carolina, I was gratified to find an extended notice of Mr. Greene, and a public expression through its columns of the sorrow which had come to the Southland because one of its captains of industry, and one of its men in highest esteem, had passed so suddenly and unexpectedly away.

Wide is the sorrow felt by the loss of this our loved brother. In the high northern latitudes after sunset there is a long afterglow. Though the light of this life has gone

out, we live in its afterglow now. Oh, how many suns have set in New England in our denominational life! Only the other day I was looking over the list of men whom I had known during twenty-two years, and my heart almost stood still as I recounted those whom I had known, but whom I know no more on earth. Stephen Greene was one of the noblest of them all. He was high-minded; he was broad-minded; he was far-sighted; he condescended to men of low estate; a most gracious man, gracious in that kindly gleam of his eye, gracious in the beautiful play of his features, gracious in the very tones of his voice, gracious in the cadence of his utterance, gracious in the grasp of his hand, gracious in manner, gracious in his intercourse, full of grace and truth, a thorough Christian gentleman. We see him no more.

I am reminded at this moment of the lines with which he closed his address at Detroit, in 1900, on the joy of living. I think he experienced the joy of living and the joy of giving, having drank in the spirit of his Master, so that of him we can truly say, as your own poet Whittier has said in these memorial verses concerning a departed friend,

“With us was one who, kind and true,
Life’s noblest purpose understood;
Who like his blessed Master knew
The joy of doing good.”

COMMUNICATION FROM LEMUEL C. BARNES, D. D.,

Pastor of the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, Pittsburg, Pa.

God’s ways are not our ways. The demands of feeling and the requirements of duty often conflict. A critical juncture in the welfare of a number of inquiring souls prevents me from yielding to the clamors of my heart to

be with you at this time in the place hallowed by the familiar presence of Stephen Greene, and to join my voice with yours in tributes of loving memory. He was so dear and intimate in fellowship that I feel sure of what he would say. Feelings, however deep and imperious, must yield to the dictates of plain, homely duty.

He knows. He, too, was not his own. He was a minister; one of his great services to the cause he loved was the demonstration of the universal priesthood of believers. His work in the world for Christ, and he did no work which was not for Christ, rises in greatness before our minds here in Newton, and in this room where so many men are graduated into the Christian ministry. His life makes clear the fact that the sacred calling is not professional or confined to a profession. No minister in our whole denomination could live a life more unmistakably, heart and soul, devoted to the interests of the kingdom of God. None could do a work more effective for the advancement of the kingdom. He was a sympathetic and unsurpassed friend of ministers, so-called, because he felt, in its deep realities, the same vocation. He stands in the front rank of the first-century and the twentieth-century ideal of "holy orders," as contrasted with that of the Middle Ages.

"No monkish garb he wears, no beads he tells,
Nor is immured in walls remote from strife;
But from his heart deep mercy ever wells;
He looks humanely forth on human life.

"No mediæval mystery, no crowned
Dim figure halo-ringed, uncanny bright;
A modern saint! a man who treads earth's ground
And ministers to men with all his might."

Another unique impression he has left upon us all, that of a certain divine largeness of soul. Most men, however good, are not large enough to combine the opposite poles of goodness in one round sphere of character. They are emphatically this or emphatically that, but not grandly both. In God alone are the antitheses of goodness perfectly blended. But in this respect, Stephen Greene was an unusually godlike man. By birth, training, and affection he was a New Englander of New Englanders; but men of the West felt that he was decidedly of their own type of manhood. In the South, too, he evoked a warm sense of brotherhood. He was devoted in a marked way to the established institutions of life, domestic, social, educational, religious; yet he was eager for improvements, and wherever possible, thorough-going reconstruction.

Far beyond most men, he was careful and considerate of the opinions of others, going to the utmost in consulting them and deferring to them; at the same time he had no lack in independence of judgment or in personal initiative. His life was not only touched, it was controlled by tender sentiment and fine feeling; at the same time he possessed and exercised hard, business sense, issuing in effective practical measures. He was conspicuous in loyalty to his home church, and at the same time foremost in devotion to fields farther away. Among these farther fields, again, he was filled with holy indignation at those who were so small as to be enthusiastic only in home missions or only in foreign missions, or only in some one organization for advancing the cause.

The comprehensive spirit that built up a great business by co-ordinating forces in widely separated states and reorganizing old industries on twentieth-century lines, could not

fail to question our right to conduct the sacred business of home and foreign missions by methods installed early in the nineteenth century. He was no visionary enthusiast wandering too far ahead of his age to co-operate with its forces. Rather he was the keen-eyed seer, discerning the signs of the times, bravely announcing the needs of the hour, ready to give unstintedly of precious time and more precious vitality, to bring our missionary methods abreast with the rapidly unfolding providence of God, and into such co-ordination that the word of the Lord may most efficiently run, and be glorified around the whole earth, till the will of God be indeed done on earth as it is in heaven.

A life of such divine scope as that of Stephen Greene lifts and enlarges all our lives and sends them heavenward. He was,

“One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.”

And so

“At noonday, in the bustle of man’s work-time,”
he could

“Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
‘Strive and thrive!’ cry ‘Speed, fight on, fare ever
There as here!’ ”

THE BOSTON BAPTIST SOCIAL UNION

At the meeting held December 2, 1901, there was placed by every plate a folded leaf, on the front page of which was printed:

STEPHEN GREENE
BORN SEPTEMBER 27, 1851
DIED NOVEMBER 7, 1901

On the inner third page was a fine portrait, while on the second page were these lines, written for the occasion by a dear friend, Stephen Moore:

STEPHEN GREENE

“We loved him well; and who that saw that face
So full of buoyant hope and honor bright,
So radiant every line with heavenly light
That told of inward purity and grace,—
Aye, who that saw could fairly fail to trace
The subtle shining of a spirit rare,
So filled with generous thought for others' care
That nothing vain or vulgar found a place!

“We loved him well; but he, best of us all,
And most beloved, has heard the voice of One
Who loved him more than we, and One whose call
He ever heeded. Spake his Lord, ‘Well done,
Thou faithful servant. Rest where cares surcease
Forever, in thy Father's House of Peace.’ ”

Henry F. Kendall, an intimate companion and beloved co-laborer in more than one sphere, gave the Memorial Address, which was in part as follows :

Our hearts refused to credit the report that one so strong, so full of vigor, so replete with energy, holding, apparently, the promise of many years of usefulness and activity, could have stopped in the midst of life's race; no, not that, could have so soon finished life's race, and entered into his reward.

To those who knew our brother no words of mine are needed to present his image. Memory holds enshrined the bright, smiling countenance, the hearty welcome, the cordial grasp of the hand, the spirit of fellowship and love which he bore with him. He gained men's confidence because he was so thoroughly in earnest, so clear and decided in his views, and yet so courteous and generous in his treatment of all who might differ from him as to the truth or as to the wisdom of any proposed action.

We might almost believe that Stephen Greene was a minister, and so he was; a preacher, and so he was; a man of God, and so he was; but with all this and in all this Stephen Greene was pre-eminently a business man.

In the school of experience he had been operative, overseer, treasurer, and owner. He knew both the practice and the theory of his profession. He could decide wisely what would benefit and improve the work to be done, or simplify its processes. He knew all the phases of the work of his mills, and this was soon recognized by his clients, and his advice and services were increasingly sought for. Many of the plants designed by him refused to part with him upon the completion of the mills, and retained him as professional adviser, director, or stockholder, that they might profit by his special abilities.

His unswerving justice, honesty, and the absolute fairness of his relations with those employed in building and

equipping the plants erected under his care were such as to secure the confidence of both owner and contractor, and his name stands unquestioned for a synonym of business integrity and honorable dealing. No one after meeting him had any doubt where Lockwood, Greene & Co. stood as professional advisers, or thought that anything but merit could commend itself to their attention.

That such a man should succeed was a foregone conclusion, and that his success gave him great delight no one will question, for success meant to him a trusteeship by divine appointment, and he accepted it as God given. He held all that he had in trust for the Giver, and distributed liberally to all who had need. Generous in all the relations of life, he was markedly so to any causes which affected the growth of his Master's Kingdom.

If he was as a business man the embodiment of all that a Christian should be, he was as a Christian, and herein I believe was the secret of his great usefulness, all that a business man should be. He believed that no man ought to render a less efficient service to Christ than he did to his business; that the church work, Bible school work, institutional work, and philanthropic work should be as carefully managed, as skillfully planned, as thoroughly prepared for, and as intelligently executed as the building of a cotton-mill, or the developing of a new industry. He threw himself into all that he did with his whole soul, and spent himself without stint to serve the cause he represented. He had tact and a nice discrimination of the fitness of things.

In the personal relations of life he has left many mourning friends, who sorrow like the Christians at Ephesus that they shall "see his face no more." Into the family circle

we may not intrude, save to refer with tenderest sympathy to the wife of his youth, and to wish added likeness to him to the noble sons who were his delight and whose life-training was his high aim.

We mourn what seems an untimely end, but how fitting his last days. Active and full of usefulness to the end; a three months' rest and communion with his loved ones, and without lingering or suffering, entrance to the joys of his Master, leaving not an unfinished but a completed work and a grateful memory.

Stephen Greene is no longer with us; but because he has lived many will bless God, some will walk with God hereafter, and some of us will henceforth have higher standards of Christian living, and will be grateful all our days that we were permitted to know and love him.

The following address was delivered before the alumni of the Newton Theological Institution at their mid-year meeting December 9, 1901, at the Brunswick, Boston:

STEPHEN GREENE, TRUSTEE

BY REV. C. A. REESE

The Newton Institution has been fortunate since its founding in having as trustees many good and able men. Some of the most loyal and useful trustees who ever served upon its board are living to-day. They are doing more for Newton than the public and more than we, the alumni, know.

Among these, until within a few days, stood Stephen Greene. His trusteeship was just eight and one-half years in length. Though it is a brief time compared with the forty or fifty years which measure the terms of some others

in that office, yet Mr. Greene will always justly be awarded a place among Newton's most efficient friends.

In the perspective behind the chair in Newton's council chamber which he recently left vacant we see Stephen Greene, the healthful, active, sportive boy, the mill-worker, the overseer in the mill, the genial, conscientious student, the industrious, well-equipped, prayerful young business man, happily settled in his domestic and professional relations, the full-grown, far-seeing mill-architect and engineer, the friend of manufacturers and capitalists, the lay-worker in churches, Sunday schools, missionary and benevolent circles.

He inherited rare gifts. His disposition was kind and affectionate. There was far more sunshine than cloud in his face. His smile was the index of a sane and happy soul. His judgment was sound, his perception in the realms within which he worked quick and accurate, his intellectual powers above the average, his moral instincts strong, and as true to the right as the needle to the pole, his conscience regnant over the whole man.

Stephen Greene was the embodiment of three great personal advantages.

The advantage of a combination of strong faculties was his. We can think of other men who are as genial as he, or as earnest and painstaking, or as intellectually bright, or as devout, or as sensible, or as hopeful, or as practical, or as much in love with the ideal as he, but it is difficult to find one who combines in himself all of these qualities in as high degree and keeps them in as harmonious and equal action and reaction upon one another. This liberal, all-around equipment made him the rare man that he was.

He had the advantage of being a doer. He did not care for any theory which could not be put into practice. In an exceptional measure he loved work, and did things. He did not believe in the religious cant of expecting the divine blessing upon idleness. He wanted things to be accomplished, and accomplished in a manner to do honor to the work itself. He could not do a task in a poor manner. He had a horror of permitting things to go by default. No one ever heard him say that a thing could not be done which ought to be done, nor heard him advise taking backward steps. Mr. Greene was ready to do his own part, and the part of another man in addition.

He possessed the advantage of thorough integrity of soul. The Psalmist who drew the picture of a man that "hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, and hath not sworn deceitfully," would recognize his ideal in Stephen Greene. Open himself as the blue vault of heaven, he loved righteousness and hated iniquity. The conduct of his business, no less than his daily personal and religious life, revealed the genuine, refined gold of character.

They are mistaken who think Mr. Greene could only fill the rôle of a pleasant, good-natured man. He was capable of indignant feeling and expression, of electric force and flash, when, in his view, truth and justice were jeopardized. All of the superb force of his will, of his rich inward and outward manhood, would then defend the cause of right. It was such uprightness which gave him the confidence of his associates and of his clients.

One business man, a millionaire, said: "They say there is nothing in the world as timid as a million dollars, except a second million dollars. Now, a million dollars would go

into his office and talk with him and look into his face, and leave itself there for him to expend, and it would get a second million to do the same."

Mr. Greene came to live in Newton Centre in 1890. He was then in the full strength of his manhood. He brought to Newton's aid his magnificent manhood, his special training, his ability to plan safely, largely, successfully, in the use of material things, his almost magic influence upon his fellow-men. It followed with logical certainty that he would have an important part in the work which needed to be done for the institution.

He was elected trustee May 17, 1893. A short time thereafter he was made a member of the committee on a library building, for it is recorded that on February 16, 1894, the committee reported "through Stephen Greene." The committee also recommended the repairing of Colby Hall. The idea of a new library building had been before the trustees for a year or more, but Mr. Greene's constructive genius revealed itself in this report, and the meeting at that time voted to build the library and repair Colby Hall at an expense of \$65,000.

He was elected a member of the executive committee of the board of trustees, May 16, 1894; a member of the committee on buildings and grounds, May 21, 1894. He reported progress in constructing the library building, September 24, 1894. He presented to the executive committee, October 9, 1894, a proposition concerning the building of a central heating plant. The trustees in meeting, October 29, 1894, approved the plan, and authorized the building committee to proceed to build the same, and appropriated for it \$10,000. That economical scientific plant upon the hill was the result of this action — a great

practical advantage to the institution—but the building of it, with its furnaces and engines and tall chimney, was only a by-play to this skillful engineer.

The dedication of the Hills Library took place in July, 1895. Its thorough workmanship, its fire-proof construction, its convenient stack-room, its large and light and beautiful reading-room, its simple lines and elegance, speak in a great degree of Mr. Greene's ideas of usefulness, solidity, and grace.

The building committee reported June 10, 1896, through its chairman, Stephen Greene, with reference to Colby Hall. It was voted that the building committee should make improvements necessary in their judgment. In March, 1896, he was put upon a committee to secure the service of a financial secretary. In February, 1897, he delivered to the chairman of the executive committee, in the name of the building committee, the keys of Colby Hall, thoroughly renovated, and of the chapel which had been constructed out of the part of Colby Hall previously occupied by the library.

In January, 1898, Mr. Greene was made chairman of the endowment committee. At the annual meeting of the trustees in 1898, the committee of which he was chairman was authorized to proceed with the reconstruction of Farwell Hall. The furnishing of Farwell Hall, in such a comfortable and uniform manner as it is, was his own idea. In June, 1899, the trustees voted to build a house for the president, and Mr. Greene was appointed, with another trustee, to execute the will of the trustees.

Then, as a sequence of these improvements, the committee was authorized to construct waterworks for the institution; and they have been built upon a scientific

and at the same time an artistic plan. These services were not all by any means. Being a resident of Newton Centre, he was given many other responsibilities for Newton. He assisted in laying out the streets of the city relative to the institution's real estate; he visited the assessors when necessary; he represented the trustees frequently in adjusting relations with the professors; he was the loyal advocate of the institution in his church.

It would be unjust to overlook the valuable assistance which members with him of these committees rendered to the institution. He was so constituted that others loved to be associated with him in manifold works. He knew his own limitations in certain directions, and willingly followed the judgment of others in their special departments. They in their turn trusted his scientific knowledge, his wide observation of men, were moved by the inspiration of his clear vision and winning voice, and loyally followed him. He was always generous in his recognition of aid from associates.

It was his privilege, within a few short years, to take an important part in the transformation of the material side of the institution. While he was chairman of the endowment committee, the trustees and friends of the institution added \$300,000 to the endowment funds.

But his interest was not as great in the material and financial improvement of the institution as in the intellectual and spiritual advancement of it. It grieved him that the students did not show, by an increased attendance at daily chapel, a greater appreciation of "the best room" of all the institution. He at one time said to me that, while he loved Brown University, and was interested in Worcester Academy, he was determined to give the most

of his strength and life to the Newton Institution, for it was fundamental to the cause of Christ in all its interests. He was penetrative enough, devout enough to see and to believe with all his earnest soul that an educated ministry is the first requisite to every department of the Kingdom of God.

For himself he did not seek or desire any other religious beliefs than those which he learned at his mother's knee, and from his father's life, and in his parents' church; but for the coming ministry he coveted the liberty of full investigation under devout and scholarly teachers, and for the boys and girls in academies and colleges he wished pastors and preachers to whom they may gladly listen.

This life exemplified what Stephen Greene believed a trustee of Newton should be. When he was contemplating removing his home from Newburyport to some suburb of Boston, his pastor advised him to go to Newton Centre, for, said he, the church believes in the conversion of children and your children will be converted, and in ten years you will give away five times as much money as you will in any other church home.

This remarkable advice was followed, and the prediction was verified. In giving, Mr. Greene probably surpassed the prophecy. But we now see more clearly than we saw while he was living that he was giving to the Newton Institution more than his money, or his time, or his service, or strength. He was giving much of his reserve vitality, much of his very life, to Newton; nay, not to Newton, but to his Lord through Newton, whose Newton is.

His intimate friends sometimes said to him that the chimney of the heating plant on Newton Hill would be his monument. He received the humorous remark in the spirit in which it was made. That chimney is 100 feet

high. The Bunker Hill monument is 221 feet high. There are more than a dozen chimneys which he designed 200 feet high; there are two others which he constructed 250 feet high.

If his wish had been for a material memorial, he has many of that kind. He did not desire such a thing, though I believe his friends will see to it that there shall be a special memorial to him upon the hill which he so dearly loved. He asked for no visible monument, no laudatory epitaph, but it was the deepest, strongest, most consuming desire of his noble heart to discharge every duty as a trustee of Newton Institution, and all other responsibilities, according to the standard of an intelligent Christian man, and of personal honor and fidelity to the trust committed to him by his fellow-men and by his God.

**RESOLUTIONS, LETTERS, AND
OTHER TRIBUTES**

*"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,
and favour is better than silver and gold."*—PROVERBS.

*"The friends of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice or leagues of pleasure:
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life."*

—ADDISON.

XIV

RESOLUTIONS, LETTERS, AND OTHER TRIBUTES

From the large mass of material in hand a selection has been made with a view to give, so far as possible, distinct phases of his life-work, relationships, and influence:

THE PACOLET MANUFACTURING COMPANY

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Pacolet Manufacturing Company, this day held at the company's office, in the city of Spartanburg, S. C., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from his sphere of usefulness Stephen Greene, leaving a vacancy on the board of directors of the Pacolet Manufacturing Company, it is meet and proper that we should pay tribute to his memory, and give expression to our sense of the great loss sustained.

"Mr. Greene had been connected with the Pacolet Manufacturing Company from the inception of the enterprise, in 1882. He designed the first mill built by the company, and has been a director since 1884.

"Our deceased friend was essentially a doer of things; he stood as a leader in his profession, and mills in many states stand as monuments to his genius.

"The work and brains of such men as Stephen Greene have transformed the South from an agricultural com-

munity into the great cotton manufacturing district that it now is, and to him the South owes a debt of gratitude.

"Mr. Greene was to be admired not only for his skill in his chosen profession, but he was esteemed for his worth and value as a man, and loved for all that makes life worth living, for he was all that is best expressed in the word 'a Christian.'

"Now, therefore, be it resolved, that the company has lost an active member, a strong counselor, and wise director, and that the directors each feel that a good man, courteous associate, and personal friend has been taken from them.

"Be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved family of our departed associate, as a mark of respect and tribute to his worth and integrity, as an expression of our esteem for him.

"Be it further resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and that a page be dedicated to his memory.

"JOHN H. MONTGOMERY, President.

"SPARTANBURG, S. C., March 26, 1902."

D. A. TOMPKINS

If it were feasible I should not hesitate to travel the whole distance from here to Newton to show my appreciation of the distinguished services that Mr. Greene rendered to the whole country in the development of our resources, and in enriching the people by the contributions to the general welfare, of a broad knowledge, an excellent judgment, indomitable energy, and capability in his profession.

He was a man who, seeing opportunities for the betterment of the people of any section, was zealous to show the



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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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way, and lend a helping hand without prejudice. Here in the South he has formed friendships and partnerships which have gone far to create and foster common interests between the people of the North and South, which have done more towards softening asperities and removing prejudices than could have been done in any other way. These beneficent results of his work will continue to live and continue to grow. They will not be lost by his death, but their influence for good will be greater as time passes, and be appreciated by the next generation better perhaps than by this one.

I am impelled to take the liberty to send this tribute of my personal high regard for the man and the engineer.

D. A. TOMPKINS.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., November 16, 1901.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

In the decease of Mr. Stephen Greene we sincerely feel that the community has lost one of its most esteemed citizens, and the profession one of its valued and progressive members. He had the ability to originate as well as a desire to adopt whatever would best contribute to the development of his art. Professionally and personally he inspired us with the most profound respect and admiration, and we wish to take this opportunity to express to you our keen appreciation of the great loss experienced, both by us personally and the whole engineering profession, by his death.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Co.,

J. R. McKEE,

Gen'l Mgr. Power and Mining Dept.

NEW YORK OFFICE, November 11, 1901.

FLYNT BUILDING AND CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

We received with great surprise and sincere regrets the sad announcement of the death of Mr. Stephen Greene. We are saddened beyond expression, and sincerely sympathize with you and your associates in the great loss you have sustained. Our acquaintance and business dealings with Mr. Greene, which extended over a period of fifteen years, were certainly most pleasant. Though carrying the cares and anxieties of a very busy life, he was ever the kindest of critics, the soundest of advisers, and one who appreciated every honest effort. We all consider his death a personal loss, but we realize that it has been a privilege to know a man so strong, so upright, so large-minded, and so noble in every way.

FLYNT BUILDING AND CONSTRUCTION CO.,

A. T. WING, President.

PALMER, MASS., November 13, 1901.

CHARLES HAMLIN

No one had a higher esteem for Mr. Greene than myself. His sweet, pure character, and high order of ability in his profession, all make his death a public loss. I have never met any man in business upon whom I could always rely with more confidence for his integrity, sound judgment, and real genius as a mill architect than Mr. Greene.

Please extend my sincere sympathy to his son, who, I am glad to learn, will step into his father's place, and whom I will gladly remember in that relation.

CHAS. HAMLIN.

BANGOR, November 16, 1901.

GAINESVILLE COTTON MILLS

The following extract from the report of the president of the Gainesville Cotton Mills, made to the stockholders, at the annual meeting, held in Spartanburg, S. C., November 26, 1901, was, on motion, ordered to be sent to the family of Mr. Greene:

"It becomes our sad duty to chronicle the death of one of our directors, Mr. Stephen Greene, at Newton Centre, Mass., November 7, 1901. In his death the company has sustained a distinct loss. Wise in counsel, clear and far-seeing in judgment, approachable for advice, loyal to the affairs intrusted to his keeping, Mr. Greene was indeed a valuable acquisition to any board. His grasp of difficult problems, his attention to details, and his capacity for work were remarkable. To the entire corporation his death is a great misfortune, but to those who were privileged to be in close touch with the *man*, it is a personal bereavement."

ABBEVILLE COTTON MILLS

RESOLUTIONS IN MEMORY OF MR. STEPHEN GREENE

At a meeting of the local directors of the Abbeville Cotton Mills, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, the intelligence has been received of the unexpected death of Mr. Stephen Greene of Boston, who has been identified with the Abbeville Cotton Mills from its earliest inception, first as architect and subsequently as one of the board of directors; and,

"Whereas, his associates on said board in the city

of Abbeville desire to give expression to their sense of the severe loss sustained by his death, it is

“Resolved, that in the death of Mr. Stephen Greene the Abbeville Cotton Mills has been deprived of one of its staunchest friends, and the Mills erected under his supervision bear lasting testimony to his skill as architect.

“Resolved, that in his intercourse with us we ever found him a high-toned, genial, and cultured gentleman, and though coming to us an entire stranger he soon won our highest personal esteem and affectionate regards, and we feel that we have personally lost a friend, one who by identifying himself with the Abbeville Cotton Mills contributed largely to the successful erection of the mill buildings, which have no superior in the state.

“Resolved, that we hereby tender to the family of Mr. Stephen Greene the expression of our warmest sympathy in their heavy bereavement, with the assurance his name will be held in affectionate remembrance by us all who have been so pleasantly associated with him for some years.

“Resolved, that the secretary of this board do forward to the family of Mr. Stephen Greene a copy of the preamble and resolutions, and that a page in the minute book be dedicated to his memory, and that these resolutions be recorded in the minutes, and that the county papers be requested to publish the same.

“WM. H. PARKER, Secretary.”

JOHN C. CARY

A stranger in a strange land, Stephen Greene came to us at a time when the people of his country and our own knew comparatively little of each other. He came as a friend

in his young manhood bearing the evidences of a true, honest nature. We received him as such; we trusted him; we honored him; and later we loved him. He reciprocated the feeling, and thus was woven a cord which death alone could sever in twain. He abided with us as a friend, a builder of both enterprises and characters. He died in the prime of manhood, and before his work with us was finished. The zenith of his usefulness had not been reached. He had not reaped the full harvest of his talents and energies, monuments of which stand in almost every Southern state, as enduring as time itself.

But while his life was largely devoted to business, Mr. Greene was not a stranger to the homes and social life of those who knew him. His kind, genial nature, warm heart, and Christian graces endeared him to all. His forgiving and charitable disposition, his candor and high sense of justice, commanded the admiration of all who came in contact with him. His devotion to religion and his exemplary Christian deportment on all occasions and under all circumstances marked his life as one pre-eminently worthy of emulation.

While we recognize the ability of the home circle and nearest friends to know the deceased best, and to judge of his virtues by that home life and daily acquaintance which reveal the true character and motives of human kind, we of the South, co-workers and intimate friends of Mr. Greene, bear to them the testimony of his upright noble life spent from time to time with us, and of the personal sorrow we feel at his untimely death.

To-day we mourn his death with Eastern friends, in all our hearts tenderest love and deepest sympathy. Our tears mingle with theirs in sincere feeling, as we offer our tribute

to the worth and character of our mutual friend, whose memory and virtues we all wish to commemorate.

While in his native land rests all that is mortal of Stephen Greene, marked by the memorial shaft, in our hearts the broken column is erected, ever to remind us that in our industrial building and in our spiritual house one of our principal supports and truest friends has fallen.

JOHN C. CARY.

LOCKHART, S. C., November 16, 1901.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, BOSTON

At a meeting of the Boston Young Women's Christian Association, held Monday, December 2d, it was voted:

"That in the death of Mr. Stephen Greene, the Y. W. C. A. has lost an able and generous friend, and that the sympathy of the association be extended to the sorrowing family.

"SUSAN H. BRONSON, Secretary *Pro Tem.*"

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN NEWTON

MINUTE ADOPTED NOVEMBER 22, 1901

With inexpressible grief and in humble submission to the inscrutable wisdom and holy will of God, the First Baptist Church in Newton records the death of our brother Stephen Greene.

Uniting with our church by letter in 1890, he enthroned himself in the confidence and love of all the membership. He was chosen deacon, and twice chosen superintendent of the Bible school. He was serving in these high offices at the time of his death. Like the officer of the early

church whose name he bore, Stephen Greene was a man of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom; a man full of faith and power, he wrought splendidly among the people.

For eleven years he worked among us. We knew his conversation, his manner of life, his purpose, his patience of hope. His charity was out of a pure heart, his faith unfeigned. He lived a righteous and godly life, blameless, vigilant, patient, apt to teach, faithful in all things. He was an example to believers, in word, in conversation, in love, in spirit, in faith, in purity. As a man of God he followed after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.

He fought the good fight of faith, laid hold on eternal life. He was not high-minded, nor did he trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God who gave him all things richly to enjoy. He did good, was rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.

Strong in the grace which was in Christ Jesus, he endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He was a vessel unto honor, sanctified, meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work. He continued in the things which he had learned, and had been assured of, knowing of whom he had learned them. A lover of God's word, he found it profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

Instant in season, out of season, in all things showing himself a pattern of good works, rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer. As he abounded in everything, in faith and utterance and knowledge and in all diligence, and in his love for us, he abounded in the grace of giving also.

So he lived and labored among us until the end. He

presided over the sessions of the Bible school for the last time upon Sunday, November 3d. The last church service which he attended was the ordinance of the Lord's Supper upon the afternoon of the same day.

He was granted an abundant entrance into the presence of his Lord, Thursday morning, November 7, 1901.

The memory of the just is blessed.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION

The executive committee of the Newton Theological Institution, representing the trustees, and in their behalf, have heard with profound sorrow of the death of Mr. Stephen Greene, who passed away in the early morning of November 7th; and they would put upon record their tribute of esteem and affection.

He has been a most useful and valuable man in his relation to the institution, as he has been in connection with so many other noble causes of denominational and religious work. He was chairman of the endowment committee and of the committee on buildings and grounds. He had successfully carried through one effort to increase the endowment of the institution, and was deeply engaged in the one now in progress.

The new buildings of late years, and the improvements on Farwell Hall, are the almost direct results of his skill and energy and devotion. All this has been done with such a spirit of devotion and cheerfulness as to move all interested to a feeling of gratitude for such a tireless and willing helper and counselor.

It is no wonder our president, Mr. William A. Munroe, was moved to say, very tenderly, that he felt he has largely

given his life to us and for us, and that he felt him to be such a realization of Paul's grace of charity as was seen in scarcely any other man whom he had ever known.

He was a man of great courage and confidence, and had the rare tact of inspiring others with something like his own great spirit of hope. His death seems an irreparable loss to the institution. He took to his heart all the interests of its endowment and progress. His gifts have been laid upon its altar. His faith has been inwrought into its life. Its growth has been one of his cherished dreams.

N. E. WOOD,
C. H. SPALDING,
R: O. FULLER.

BOSTON, November 8, 1901.

AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY

The executive board of the American Baptist Home Mission Society is filled with profound sorrow over the sudden death of Stephen Greene, Esq., of Newton Centre, Mass., who for three years was vice-president of the society, and for three years thereafter, until 1900, was its president, fulfilling the duties of this position with rare grace and ability. By his lively interest in the society's affairs, as well as by the marked excellences of his manly Christian character, he won for himself a large place in the love and respect of the society and of his brethren at large. While we cannot interpret the inscrutable Providence which has transferred him in the prime of his power from this to a higher sphere, we find consolation and inspiration in his noble record of Christian service, which in many ways has contributed largely to the advancement of our denominational interests, and to the establishment of the kingdom

of Christ in the world. To the members of his family, and to his kindred, the society, through this board, extends its heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement.

NEW YORK, November 11, 1901.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES, SPELMAN SEMINARY

MRS. STEPHEN GREENE:

Dear Madame—In the great bereavement which has come to you in the loss of your husband, you undoubtedly find some consolation in the many expressions received of appreciation of his noble character and his Christian service. Permit me to add thereto, as president of the board of trustees of Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., an expression of the regard in which he was held by representatives of that institution, and of their sympathy with you in your sorrow. It was adopted on Sunday evening, November 17th, at the close of a series of meetings commemorating the twentieth anniversary of the institution, and is as follows:

“The faculty, members of the board of trustees, and friends of Spelman Seminary, gathered at the observance of the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the institution, deeply mourn the loss by death of Stephen Greene, Esq., of Newton Centre, Mass., a warm friend of the seminary, a member of its board of trustees, and late president of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and held in highest esteem by all; and we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family and relatives in their great sorrow, praying Divine consolation and strength may be theirs abundantly in this hour of trial.”

Sincerely yours,

H. L. MOREHOUSE, Field Secretary.

NEW YORK, November 21, 1901.

ALVAH HOVEY

Formerly President of the Newton Theological Institution

MY DEAR MRS. GREENE:

My heart and my thoughts have been with you all the day. I should have ventured to call had I not been sure that no words of mine could diminish the sorrow you feel at the loss of your noble husband.

He was to me an ideal man and Christian. I do not remember a single word or act in my intercourse with him for many years that did not commend him to my heart as a brother indeed; "An Israelite in whom there was no guile." How can we give him up? How can we do without his royal cheer and helpfulness? He ought to have lived a hundred years, and to have had the strength of a dozen men! So I am inclined to say. Yet our Lord was only a young man when his hour came. He had already "finished" his work. Let us humbly trust his wisdom and love! "God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain."

Most truly your friend in sorrow,

ALVAH HOVEY.

NEWTON CENTRE, November 7, 1901.

CHARLES RUFUS BROWN

Professor in the Newton Theological Institution

MY DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I know that you will not consider it an intrusion, if I tell you that I have just come from a little service on the hill, appointed in memory of your dear husband. Professor Anderson prayed, President Wood spoke of Mr. Greene in his relation to the institution, Professor English in the

wider relation of the kingdom, and I, brokenly, of his influence in the home, church, and community. Bowed down with our sense of loss, we can yet rise from it all, and from your deeper grief, and with you we can contemplate the glory of the consecrated Christian manhood at its best. I am glad that the same Christian hope is yours and ours. From the depth of sorrow, we look to our Saviour with open face, rejoiced that we may turn over to him one so nearly like himself.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES RUFUS BROWN.

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS., November 9, 1901.

W. W. LANDRUM

Pastor First Baptist Church, Atlanta, Georgia

MY DEAR MRS. GREENE:

My heart seemed to stand still with a sudden shock when I learned only yesterday that your noble husband had departed to his heavenly reward.

Receive a brother's sympathy and prayer. Words are weak mediums of expression for what I feel; but I beg to say that I have never known a character more lovable or freer from faults than that of Stephen Greene. His church and community, and the Baptist brotherhood throughout America have sustained a grievous loss by his translation to the church above.

May the Lord have you and yours in his tender care and keeping.

Cordially and truly yours,

W. W. LANDRUM.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, November 12, 1901.

JOHN H. MONTGOMERY

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I have wanted to write you in addition to what I have already written the office to add with your many friends my testimony of real, heartfelt sympathy. The death of no one outside of my own family shocked me more, or has recurred oftener to my mind in the same space of time than that of Mr. Greene.

He was one I had never associated with death; but as living dispensing influence and doing good. My acquaintance with him commenced nearly twenty years ago, and during that time I never saw a single act unworthy of a Christian gentleman of the highest type. He was one who lived his religion at home and from home; in prosperity and adversity always the same. The world is better that he lived in it; his noble character and example will live on well worthy imitation of all who knew him.

In him I had a real friend, and I do and shall sorely miss him; but the all-wise God of the universe doeth all things well. You and I and all others must meekly bow to the will of Him who made us.

My wife joins me in sympathy for you in this your saddest bereavement. May God help you and your boys to bear it.

Very truly yours,

JOHN H. MONTGOMERY.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., November 30, 1901.

R. S. MACARTHUR

Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, New York

MY DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I learned with equal surprise and sorrow of the death of your noble husband. His death is a loss to every denom-

inational interest, and to every good cause in every part of the country. I have no words adequate to express the sorrow which I feel. He was one of the gentlest, truest, and altogether most genuine of men I ever knew. My acquaintance with him began when your residence was in Rhode Island, and the riper it became the more honored and beloved did he become in my judgment and affection. Both at your table in your home and at my table in my home he was the genial gentleman, the noble Christian, and the loving brother.

The loss to you and your children is simply irreparable. My wife and I have not ceased to think of and pray for you since we learned of your bereavement. We commend you to the God of all comfort, and pray that He may graciously guide you and yours, and give you grace according to His promise in our common Lord.

Sincerely yours,

R. S. MACARTHUR.

NEW YORK, December 2, 1901.

GEORGE E. MERRILL

President Colgate University, Hamilton, New York

Stephen Greene was a wonder to me. How could he be what he was; how could he do so much? Neighbors in Newton, thrown together in the work of the Newton Theological Seminary, and having many common interests in the life around us, we were frequently together, and often for long consultations upon important matters. I was always impressed by his wisdom, by his common sense. When his judgment was against mine, I was accustomed to review my position very carefully; when it was with mine, I felt very strong indeed. In all practical affairs

he was most efficient, and I could feel sure that his quick appreciation of advantages to be gained or lost by any proposed course would save us, as it often did, from serious error. In all his great work, too, he was cheerful.

His face was an inspiration, his form was an encouragement. If you saw him walk you said, "There is a man alert and strong." And never was this impression belied by any weakness in counsel. His thought was accurate, his advice was good, his leadership was inspiring. Many things were brought to pass largely through his enterprise and persistence, where weaker men would have been discouraged.

GEORGE E. MERRILL.

HAMILTON, NEW YORK, December 8, 1901.

AS CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMISSION ON CO-ORDINATION

It was most natural that in the organization of the Commission on Co-ordination Mr. Stephen Greene should be made chairman. He had rare personal qualifications for the position, and his address at Detroit, as president of the Home Mission Society, had led to the appointment of the commission. The place was not without its difficulties; we did not all see eye to eye. Some felt that many radical changes ought to be made; others favored some slight modifications of existing policy; still others were persuaded that the thing to do was to do nothing. The sessions were long and trying, and the discussion sometimes became exceedingly earnest. With a man less wise and conciliatory in the chair, serious friction might easily have developed. With rare skill Mr. Greene guided the deliberations over sand-bars and around dangerous reefs, by his example provoking all members of the commission to urbanity and kindness in speech and action.

Mr. Greene illustrated the beauty of speaking the truth in love. He held decided opinions upon the questions under discussion, and expressed his views with perfect frankness. His was the point of view of the Christian business man. He saw no reason why the business of the kingdom should not be conducted with the same careful attention to economy in administration that characterizes great secular enterprises. The very best methods were none too good for the work of the world's redemption. He said what was in his heart, and spoke with a clearness which left no doubt as to his meaning; but his speech contained no indictment of the honesty of his brethren who differed with him, and was free from all suspicion of bitterness.

It is not easy to put into words the charm of his personality. In his presence the world seemed brighter, the Christian life more real and valuable; and, involuntarily, we became possessed with an increased hopefulness. He was so vital that he imparted vitality; so sunny of face and heart that despondency and gloom fled from his presence. The commission has passed into history; but its members will never forget the manly man whose presence was a benediction, and whose memory we love.

L. A. CRANDALL,

Pastor of Memorial Baptist Church, Chicago.

EDWARD JUDSON

Pastor of Memorial Baptist Church, New York

His genial and disinterested personality left a very definite impression on my mind. I have seldom met a man who seemed so devoted to the comfort and happiness of others; and when I think how deeply I feel his loss, who knew him

only a little, I can form some idea of the depth of sorrow through which those are passing who were closely related to that generous nature.

EDWARD JUDSON.

My remembrance of him is that of a June day, full of fragrance, light, song.

O. P. GIFFORD, D. D.

My home is directly across the street from his earthly home; and we have communed together in these years of his residence here in great intimacy and enjoyment. A great grief has plowed its way into our hearts by his sudden and unexpected going. . . . There must be a loving Ruler of human destinies who has inspired one of His sons to live such a stainless, useful, devoted life as that of Stephen Greene, and we will not complain, though tears will fall, that the Master has said, "Come up higher." With sincerest sympathy and in undying affection for Saint Stephen, as I call him, I am, yours fraternally,

W. E. HUNTINGTON,
Dean of Boston University.

I am still trying to get my mind to accept the stern fact that my friend and brother, the princely Christian man, the noble character and denominational leader, is dead. He was too vital and real and forceful for us easily to accept the fact. Yet, who so ready for any call as he? I never knew him to turn away from God's call for anything. I am sure he was equally ready when the final summons came.

E. Y. MULLINS,
President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

FROM THE WATCHMAN, BOSTON

The following editorial appeared in "The Watchman" of Boston, Mass., November 14, 1901 :

Occasionally, but very rarely, we meet a man in whose personality there seems to be enshrined a ray of light from other spheres. That is the impression Stephen Greene made on many men. An acquaintance and friendship dating back to college days, extending over more than a quarter of a century, may distort our perception of his rare qualities, but we are inclined to think that this long association would reveal defects and limitations that we do not find in our memory of him. Always he gave the impression of light and peace that sprang from a fountain in his inner life. Mr. Greene was one of the most successful professional and business men that Boston has recently produced. Without any capital but his own character and education, he had risen to a foremost position as an architect for great industrial concerns. He had the insight to discern the tendencies of economical changes, and he had the courage of his convictions.

Mr. Greene had a unique capacity of inspiring confidence in his simple, direct statements. Men felt intuitively that there was a wholesome personality and a sound character behind them. His outline of the possibilities of a situation made them probabilities, and his sanguine forecast was so governed by experience and good judgment that his advice was always worth following. Great corporations came to understand this, and the plans of Stephen Greene came to be adopted with the minimum of discussion.

He carried these same qualities into his distinctively Christian activities. In the churches at Providence, New-

buryport and Newton Centre, of which he was successively a member, his perception of conditions and possibilities, his optimistic outlook, his genial temperament, his open-handed liberality, and his serene confidence in the triumph of spiritual forces made him a power of the first order. A church with one man in it like Stephen Greene would always be influential in its community.

He was a rare man and we thank God for him. As we recall that tall and manly form, that bright and inspiring countenance, that hopeful tone, and remember all that he accomplished and purposed to do, and realize that he had barely turned fifty, we cannot understand his death; but there are no unfinished pillars in God's temple.

FROM THE STANDARD, CHICAGO

The word came without warning to his friends and his brother in Chicago that he had been taken dangerously ill on November 6th; and before the morning he had passed away. Although Mr. Greene had found it necessary during the past year to lessen somewhat the strain of his large and engrossing business by a vacation trip in Europe, he seemed the picture of health. His fine physique seemed to have survived unharmed the wear and tear of thirty years of busy and often exhausting labor at his profession, and at the age of fifty he doubtless looked forward to another twenty years of life in which to enjoy the fruits of his success. The wife, the two boys just entering manhood, the younger sons, seemed to need him more than ever before. His many friends needed him. The denominational and educational interests with which he was connected needed his wise counsel and patient assistance. But he is gone.

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When he made his home at Newton Centre, he became at once a leader in the life of the First Church there, as he had been in Providence and Newburyport. The pastors of that church during his residence there—Dr. L. C. Barnes, the late Richard Montague, Dr. E. Y. Mullins, and Rev. E. D. Burr—looked to him for encouragement and practical assistance in every good work. Particularly in the Sunday school was his sunny smile, his rich, musical voice, his persistent optimism, attractive. Everybody liked Mr. Greene. Children were fond of him. The trustees and faculty of the Newton Theological Institution found in him a wise counselor and a generous giver. In all plans for the material improvement of the buildings and grounds on “the hill” his expert knowledge was freely given. The students often found encouragement and help in his hospitable home. More than one young man will remember all his life the handshake and the cheery greeting of this Christian gentleman bestowed—though he knew it not—in some critical hour of perplexity or depression. He was so manly that any unmanly impulse to shirk or to deceive or to grumble seemed impossible in his presence.

Beyond the circle of the church and the city his worth soon became known, and the larger denominational enterprises profited by his advice and assistance. He was elected president of the American Baptist Home Mission Society in 1897 at Pittsburg, and presided at the anniversaries in Rochester and Detroit. At Detroit he uttered radical words, appealing for a better understanding and co-operation among all denominational forces—a cutting through of avenues, a rounding off of corners, a straightening out of the map in order that short cuts and easy roads might be made possible in doing the work of the denomination. And he was, as

our readers will remember, a leading spirit among laymen in the movement for co-ordination, presenting last spring at Springfield the report of the committee recommending various specific changes in the missionary methods of the societies to bring them more completely into harmony. In rendering this service he encountered differences of opinion and criticisms which must have been most distasteful to a man so genial and fond of good feeling as he; but he kept steadfastly to his course, believing it to be for the best good of all that changes should be made. Time alone can show the full result of his faithful performance of this somewhat unpleasant task.

Mr. Greene's home life has been peculiarly happy. He was married, in 1874, to Miss Natalia Schubarth of Providence, who with four sons survive him. His brother, Dr. Benjamin A. Greene, formerly of Lynn, now pastor in Evanston, Ill., is deeply bereaved by the crushing shock of this sudden bereavement, and to him, as to all the relatives, we extend heartfelt sympathy.

FROM THE EXAMINER, NEW YORK

Considered from several points of view, the life of Mr. Greene was seen to be one of rare Christian symmetry and broad activities. From the South, where he had become well known as one of its "captains of industry" in its cotton manufactures, testimonials of the esteem in which he was held were received; and Spelman Seminary, of which he was a trustee, at the commemoration of its twentieth anniversary sent its message of sorrow and sympathy. The loss of high-minded, broad-minded, public-spirited men like Mr. Greene leaves a vacancy not easily filled. Not merely New England but the whole country feels his loss. He

will be greatly missed also in our denominational affairs, in missions at home and abroad, and in educational enterprises, which were substantially promoted by his forcefulness and his contagious enthusiasm. Verily, at the meridian of his powers, when but fifty years of age, a prince in Israel has fallen.

FROM THE NEWTON CIRCUIT

In "The Newton Circuit" of November 8th appeared the following:

STEPHEN GREENE

Entered into rest November 7, 1901

An Appreciation

He had such abundant life it is impossible to think of him as dead. He was such a great shaft of golden light one could not think of the shadows, least of all the shadow of death. It was the noonday of his career; he was seeing the fulfillment of early hopes in enlarged opportunities of usefulness. The full-orbed splendor of mid-day has no suggestion in it of night. We thought we should long enjoy the sunshine of his presence. He was so great the longer years seemed necessary to afford him adequate expression. He was so good it seemed as though a good God must enjoy leaving him in the world he was endeavoring to save. He was so generous he seemed to claim an unending day in which to bestow the best gifts of his love. His heart-beat was an echo of the pulse of a greater love. "What a beautiful morning," some one said this morning, and another answered, "How could it be anything else with his radiant life above the stars?"

He was a man of unusual mind — sensitive, alert,

of quick perception. Everything that was worthy of a welcome found recognition in his thought. His native gifts were splendidly trained in school and college, disciplined in the curriculum of life, perfected in the experience of maturer years.

His mastery of his special science did not disqualify him for the appreciation of worth in other lines of study. His intellectual sympathies were remarkable. Mr. Greene was a helpful spirit in every enterprise with which he had to do. Every one who knew him felt his friendliness. As gentle as a woman, he cared for a friend who was sick; strong with exhaustless love, he included the widest reaches of the kingdom of God in his sympathetic interest.

He had an inviolate conscience. As his mind welcomed only that which was white and high, his heart loved only what was good and pure, his conscience could approve only what was true and right.

That which was unwise or questionable should never be done; but what was essentially and absolutely right should be done, could be done, indeed must be done; and the great, good man could not understand why any one should ever hesitate to undertake the right, even if it involved difficulty or cost or both.

His conscience was imperial and regnant in every relation of life. He was one mill architect who would never accept inducements to recommend a particular machine for a mill he was building. He studied the interests of his clients, and considered their confidence his most sacred trust. Everything that went into the mill must stand upon its essential merits. Makers of machinery would have paid generously for a first place on the list of Lock-

wood, Greene & Co., but they could get there only by making the best machine. He could have enriched himself in thousands, if in his business career he had allowed himself to do the things which an ordinary business custom approves.

He was a moral vertebrate. His executive force was always at the maximum because he was in the right. He could concentrate his powers upon every task because none were wasted in the friction of adjustment. He had a divine enthusiasm because of a triumphant faith. He believed God; the right would surely prevail. His optimism was unconquerable. He believed the best to be always possible, and sought to make it actual. He is not dead; such a man can never die: "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

EVERETT D. BURR,
Pastor First Baptist Church, Newton Centre.

**PRINTED BY R. R. DONNELLEY
AND SONS COMPANY, AT THE
LAKESIDE PRESS, CHICAGO, ILL.**

